PENTHOUSE

SEPT / OCT 2021

with
CAROLINA WHITE
+
ANGELA WHITE

THE WINNERS & SINNERS
ISSUE

CHAMP OR CHUMP?
CAN TOM BRADY DO IT AGAIN?

KEVIN LEE
THE UFC'S MOTOWN PHENOM

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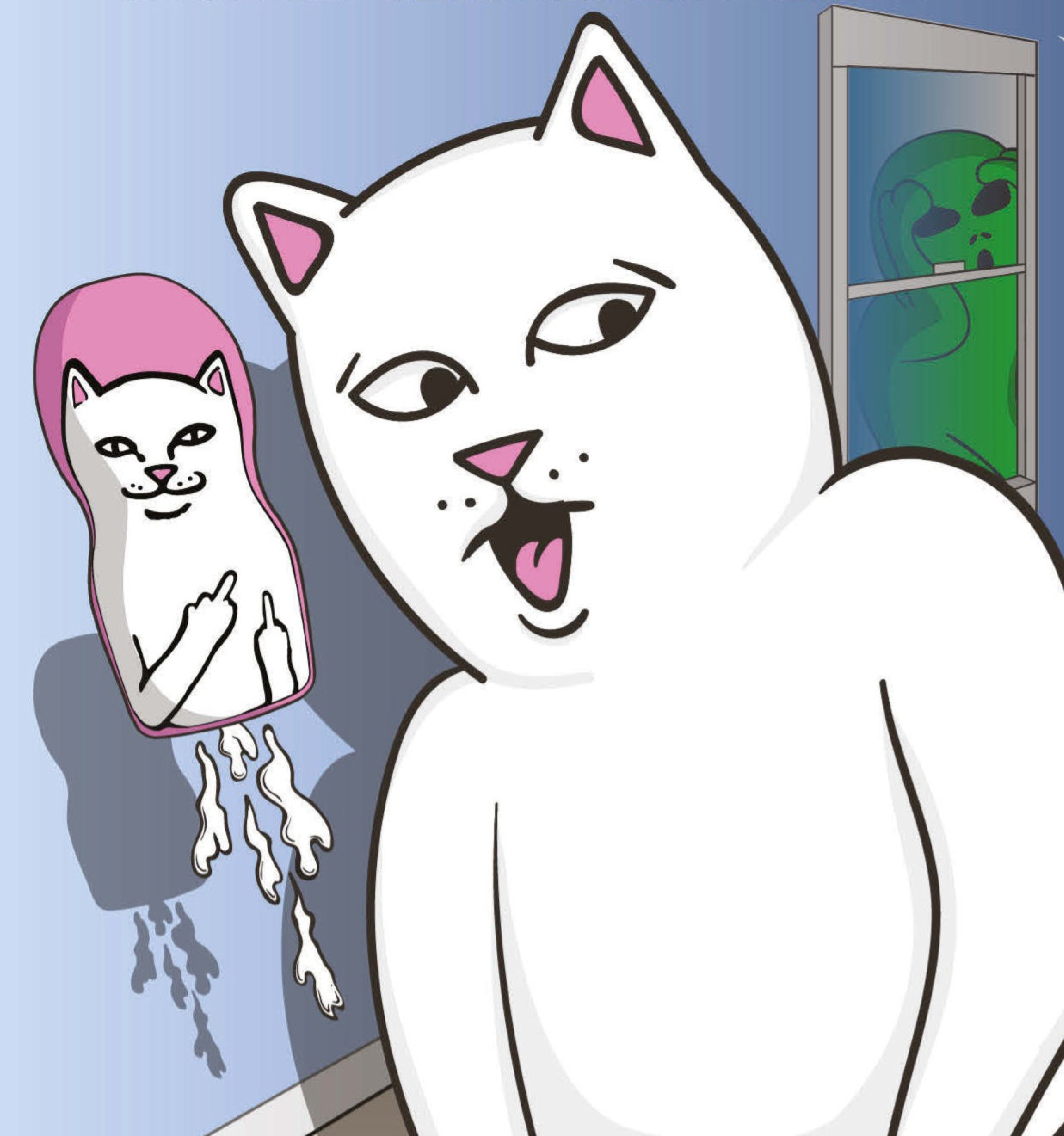

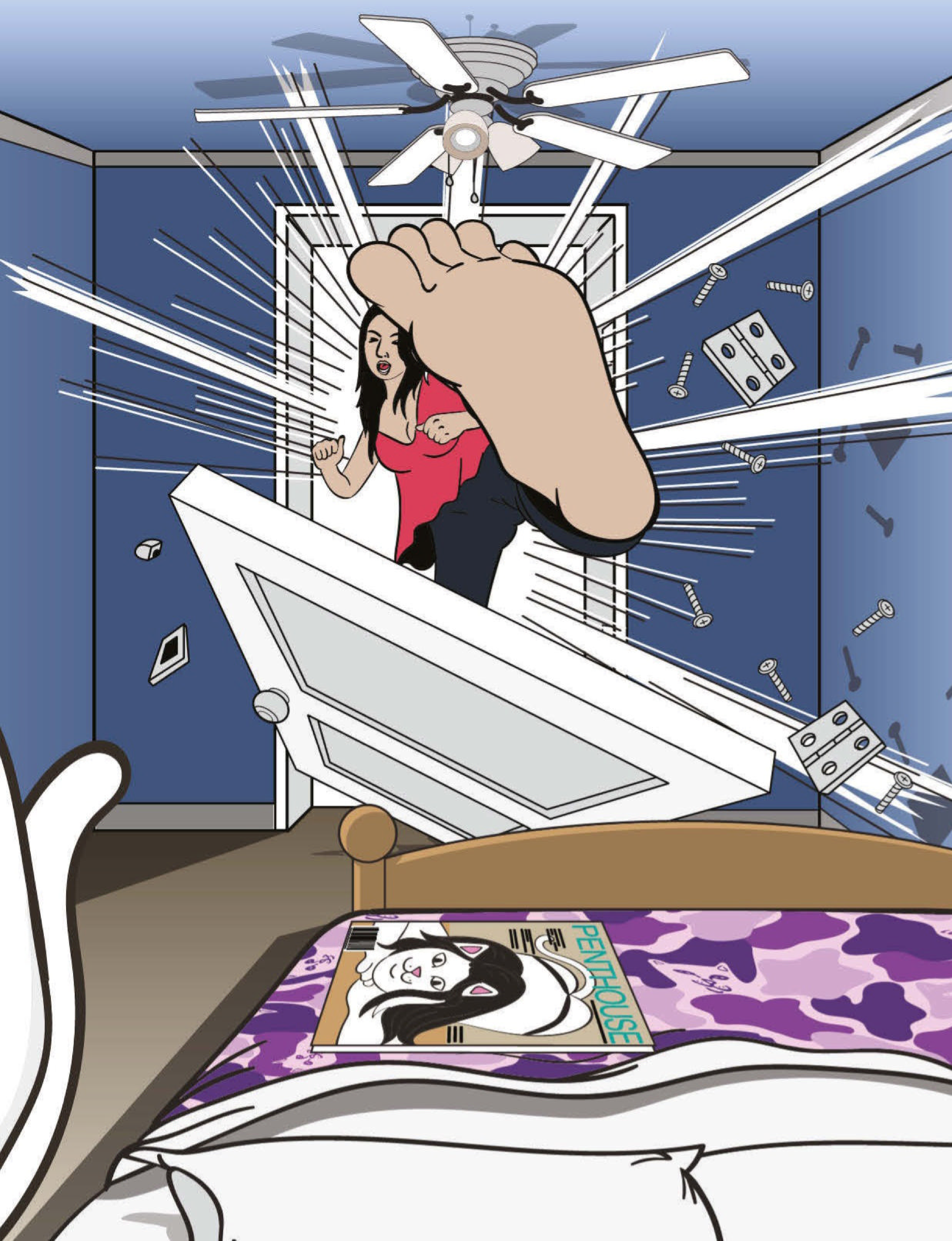

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PENTHOUSE WORLD MEDIA, LLC
Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE sun has finally set on summer. How was it for you? We've been very busy here at Penthouse HQ, making sure we bring you a fantastic new issue.

Now that you and your friends are ready to party again, we've hunted down the top five sexiest cities for Halloween. Let us take you on a trip from Las Vegas to NYC, Salem to New Orleans and more. Whether you're looking for decadence or cocktails, we've got you covered.

As the NFL season kicks off, we're throwing the spotlight on Tom Brady (page 30) and asking the question that's on everyone's lips: Can the legendary quarterback deliver back-to-back championships to Tampa Bay?

In Focus (page 46) showcases the work of photographer Sebby Raw, who was a production assistant on a clothing shoot when he approached the director to ask if he could take a few sneaky behind-the-scenes shots. Those photos outperformed the main shoot and helped launch his career, proving it's always worth asking the question!

We also examine the fine lines of Russian artist Alexandr Grigorev's postmodern pop art on page 80.

Our interview for this issue is with UFC star Kevin Lee. The Motown Phenom talks training, injuries, his fights and his future, starting on page 38.

As we put away our summer wardrobe and start falling into autumn, take a look at our High Life section for some stylish inspiration (page 56), including an eye-catching New Balance collab.

And what would *Penthouse* be without a bevvy of beauties? This issue features jaw-dropping shoots with September Pet Carolina White (page 88), October Pet Angela White (page 112), Cyber Cutie Becki White (page 26) and Social Premier Val Dodds (page 66).

We hope you enjoy the mag!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

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DEBRIEF

PILOT SUSPENDED AFTER DAREDEVIL IS DUCT-TAPED TO AIRCRAFT, MAN BREAKS HIS PENIS VERTICALLY, AND CAN CANNABIS SAVE THE PLANET?

CREDIT: JEREMY POLAND

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

COULD CANNABIS SAVE THE PLANET?

SCIENTISTS have hailed hemp's potential as a powerful tool in the fight against climate change.

Proponents hope its potential to save land and water when cultivated on a large scale can benefit farmers and yield an array of valuable hemp products.

Dr. Michael Obersteiner, the director of Oxford University's Environmental Change Institute, said "there is good reason to by hyped" about the cannabis plant.

"It might turn out to be a land-saving crop in the sense that you would need more land to produce the same amount of protein, oil, biomass if produced by separate specialized crops," Obersteiner said. "The land-saving would spare the expansion of cropland into forests. This will create substantial emission savings."

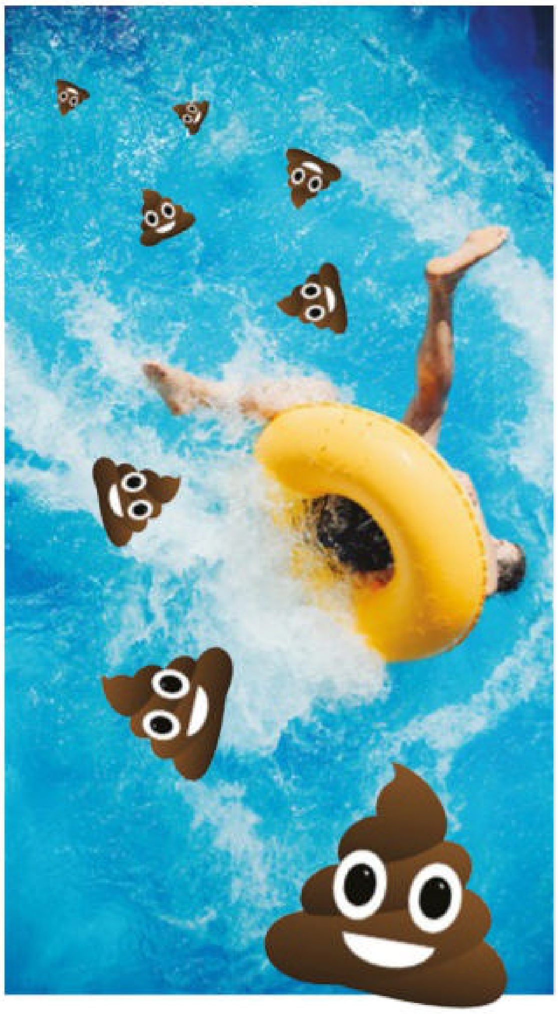
British Hemp Alliance managing director and co-founder Rebekah Shaman explained: "[Hemp] has wide-ranging applications, which include construction materials, biodegradable plastics and uses in the automotive and aerospace industries.

"It is the world's most versatile natural product, potentially replacing wood, cotton and all petroleum-based products.

REBEKAH SHAMAN

"Compared to cotton—that requires about 1,400 gallons of water for every pound of produce—hemp requires half that, or even less, and yet produces 200 to 250 percent more fiber on the same amount of land."

CREDIT: BUSINESSCANN.COM / ISTOCK CASARSAGURU



A Crappy Outcome

AT least one crew member of NBC's upcoming *Ultimate Slip 'N Slide* tested positive for giardia, a parasite that causes diarrhea.

According to sources, the network shut down production on an upcoming Slip 'N Slide-themed series after up to 40 crew members contracted giardia, and "the outbreak of 'awful explosive diarrhea' left people 'collapsing' on set and 'being forced to run to the porta-potties.'"

Also known as beaver fever, giardia is usually contracted by swallowing fecal-infested water from infected humans or animals.

Exactly the opposite of what you need when you're about to shoot down the show's "65-foot-tall slippery yellow slide" at speed.

The outbreak occurred seven weeks into shooting and only five days before production was scheduled to wrap. A crappy outcome indeed.

BOBBY MOYNIHAN AND RON FUNCHES ARE HOSTING THE SERIES.

CREDIT: CONSTANTINIS / ISTOCK / TIKTOK @SYDNEYSOMETHIN / INSTAGRAM.COM/RONFUNCH

FISH SURPRISES SCIENTISTS WITH 100-YEAR LIFESPAN

THE giant coelacanth can live for up to a century, according to a new study.

The nocturnal, slow-moving, human-sized fish, nicknamed a "living fossil," has been around for 400 million years, but was thought to be extinct until they were found alive in 1938 off South Africa.

Dwelling in caves on the ocean floor, coelacanths have been known to grow to six-and-a-half feet and tip the scales at nearly 200 pounds.

Scientists historically believed coelacanths had a lifespan of about 20 years, but new research suggests these deep-sea creatures boast a lifespan of five times that amount—roughly 100 years—and females can be pregnant for five years—the longest-known gestation period of any animal.

Marine biologist Kélig Mahé, from the IFREMER Institute in France, said, "What these findings also do is highlight just how at risk the species is to becoming extinct—for real this time. Animals that grow and reproduce at a slower pace are always more vulnerable to dying off, and the researchers behind the new study want to make sure that doesn't happen."

Woman Actually Stuck While Filming 'Stuck' Video Content

A TikTok user became stuck while recording a "stuck" fetish video in Michigan, but firefighters came to her rescue.

Sydney Jo, 27, documented the experience and shared it on her TikTok account, @sydneysomethin.

"You might be wondering what I'm doing. For the last 30 minutes, I have been trying to get unstuck, out of this metal chair. I'm literally stuck in it, and I can't get out," she said in the video.

"I'm panicking because I don't know what to do … I literally can't. It's on my tailbone and my pelvic bone. I don't know how I got in … I'm literally stuck in this chair."

Sydney eventually called for assistance and continued filming the incident. When the firefighters arrived, they found the woman standing in her living room, trapped in a metal folding chair. Sydney told the firefighters she became stuck in the chair while working on "a school project."

The rescuers initially tried to cut off the chair using a large pair of bolt cutters, but the video showed the valiant effort failed. They resorted to using the Jaws of Life, a hydraulic cutting machine often used to free people trapped in wrecked vehicles, which ultimately worked.

WHERE THE MAGAZINE COMES TO LIFE
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Pilot Suspended After Daredevil Is Duct-Taped to Aircraft

A Russian pilot is under investigation after a man was duct-taped to the underside of a helicopter and flown above an airfield in Moscow.

The stunt was said to be directed by notorious prankster Mikhail Litvin, 21, a popular Russian YouTube creator with around 7 million followers.

In the footage, Yevgeny "Zkeka" Namitov, 25, can be seen hanging from the bottom of the helicopter, strapped into place with duct tape.

In the clip, the video blogger can be heard saying, "Go on, brother. We live only once and need to remember this moment."

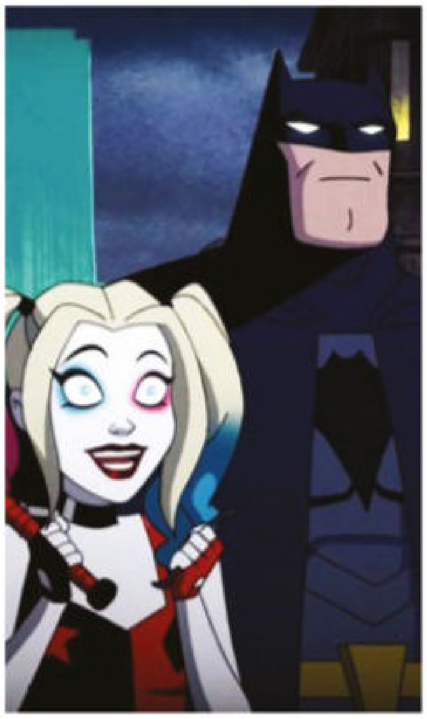
The helicopter pilot, former military aviator Alexander Nazarov, is now being probed by Russian officials and has had his flying license suspended pending an investigation.

Litvin previously made international news with a controversial YouTube video in which he burned his $185,000 Mercedes-Benz after the car suffered a litany of problems that his local Benz dealer allegedly refused to fix.

DC SAYS REAL HEROES DON'T GO DOWN

HBO Max's R-rated *Harley Quinn* animated series is brimming with sex, dirty jokes, gore, swearing, cannibalism, explosions and even an ice vagina. While it would appear that nothing is off-limits for the often violent, very adult cartoon, there's one place that no DC superhero is allowed to go ... and that's down.

In a recent interview with Variety, *Harley Quinn* series co-creators Justin Halpern and Patrick Schumacker dropped a bomb that sent the internet into a frenzy: Batman doesn't eat pussy.



"It's incredibly gratifying and free to be using characters that are considered villains because you just have so much more leeway," Halpern told Variety.

"A perfect example of that is in this third season of *Harley* [when] we had a moment where Batman was going down on Catwoman. And DC was like, 'You can't do that. You absolutely cannot do that.' They're like, 'Heroes don't do that.' So, we said, 'Are you saying heroes are just selfish lovers?' They were like, 'No, it's that we sell consumer toys for heroes. It's hard to sell a toy if Batman is also going down on someone.'"

In season two of *Harley*, Poison Ivy ditches her dude before running off into the sunset with Harley, while in another episode, Batman actually has sex with Batgirl. So we can assume that DC's issue isn't with sexual representation and raunch, but rather that Batman giving head plays into some bizarre kind of emasculation. Needless to say, Twitter had a field day with the Batman oral sex saga and provided many excellent memes and tweets.

I guess we all know Batman's "one rule" now.

CREDIT: MIKHAIL LITVIN / © WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC

Man Breaks His Penis Vertically

IN a medical first, a man's penis has broken vertically during sex.

The urologists behind the case said the 40-year-old man from the U.K. had been injured during sex, specifically when his penis "buckled against his partner's perineum."

An MRI confirmed the man's penis had a three centimeter-long vertical tear along the right side, around the middle of the shaft—rather than the typical horizontal tear. As far as everyone is aware, it's the first-ever reported injury of its kind.

A broken penis, or penile fracture, happens when the protective layer surrounding erectile tissue that pumps blood to the penis tears. When this injury occurs, it's generally during sex and is caused by an erect penis bending too far or with too much force, causing it to buckle under pressure, which causes blood in the penis to leak out. A broken penis is almost always accompanied by a loud popping sound, bruising and swelling, and causes pain that feels similar to a broken bone.

Despite the painful injury, the man has made a full recovery.

'Suicide Machine' Lets Users Take a Test Drive

AN inventor who created a "suicide machine" is allowing the public to experience how it operates via virtual reality.

Dr. Philip Nitschke, aptly nicknamed Dr. Death, debuted his concept at the Funeral Fair in Amsterdam in 2018, but it's since been on display at other locations in Europe.

According to the creator, the 3D-printed euthanasia capsule named "Sarco," short for sarcophagus, is designed to "produce a rapid decrease in oxygen level, while maintaining a low CO2 level (the conditions for a peaceful, even euphoric death).

"The elegant design was intended to suggest a sense of occasion: of travel to a 'new destination,' and to dispel any 'yuk' factor. Other design considerations were to devise a system that requires no specialized skills or involvement, no sourcing of difficult to obtain drugs, [and] no need for medical involvement e.g. with the insertion of an intravenous cannula."

A press release from Exit International said the purpose of Sarco is to get "people talking positively about death."

What a time to be ... alive?

CREDIT: STARAS / BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL SOURCE:SUPPLIED / WWW.EXITINTERNATIONAL.NET/SARCO

New Norway Sex Guide Causes a Stir

A photographic sex guide released by Norwegian public television has outraged viewers and received almost 100 complaints in its first few days of release.

Public broadcaster NRK created Sexguiden with the intention to show a more realistic and diverse picture of sex, but not everyone is happy.

The guide consists of around 60 different sex positions, featuring imaginative names such as Wheel of Fortune, Silkworm, Flamingo, Lying Tiger, Trotting Rider, The Speed Dump and—for those who want to spend some koala-ty time with their lover—the curiously named Clamping Koala.

Laid out alongside black and white photographs on NRK's website, and the guide features real-life heterosexual and same-sex couples simulating each of the 60 positions.

The guide is divided into different sections, including suggestions of positions that are suitable for pregnant women, positions that prioritize eye contact and gender-specific positions for heterosexual and same-sex pairings, as well as positions that are comfortable for people with back pain or sore knees.

According to the broadcaster, the guide was pieced together with the advice of sexologists, doctors, therapists and midwives.

Despite being simulated and not explicit in the slightest, since the guide's release NRK has reportedly received close to 100 complaints.

CREDIT: NRK / © NETFLIX

THE MASKED SHAGGER

JUST when you thought reality shows couldn't get any weirder, Netflix's bizarre new dating show *Sexy Beasts* takes it to the next level.

The insane dating show sees singletons searching for love, while sporting elaborate prosthetics and masks to transform them into everything from pandas, monkeys, dogs and dolphins, to oversized insects, pointy-chinned devil creatures, aliens and horrifying scarecrows.

Ahead of its release, Netflix's official Twitter teased: "No, you're not hallucinating. *Sexy Beasts* is a new dating show that uses cutting-edge prosthetics to put true blind-date chemistry to the test."

Netflix has already ordered a second season of the series.

Suddenly *Naked Attraction* doesn't seem so bad.

'Smallville' Actor Sentenced for Her Role in Sex Cult

DISGRACED former TV actor Allison Mack, 38, was sentenced to three years in prison for her role in the NXIVM cult scandal after authorities alleged she'd helped manipulate women into becoming sexual slaves for the group's leader, Keith Raniere.

Mack—best known for her role as Chloe Sullivan, a friend of young Superman on the series *Smallville*—had pleaded guilty to racketeering and conspiracy in 2019 in connection with the case.

Authorities alleged Mack was second-in-command of NXIVM's secret society of women who were coerced into servitude and branded with Raniere's initials.

Prosecutors said Mack became a "master" with "slaves," who she ordered "to perform labor, take nude photographs, and, in some cases, to engage in sex acts with Raniere."

Mack told the judge, "I made choices I will forever regret," and said she was filled with "remorse and guilt" for her actions.

In a letter filed with the court, Mack wrote devoting herself to the cult leader "was the biggest mistake and greatest regret of my life."

She also added, "I am sorry to those of you that I brought into NXIVM. I am sorry I ever exposed you to the nefarious and emotionally abusive schemes of a twisted man."

In October 2020, Raniere, now 61, was sentenced to 120 years in prison for his conviction on sex-trafficking, racketeering and conspiracy charges.

CYBER CUTIE

ONE-TRACK MIND

BECKI WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHER
ANNA TURACHEVA

BEAUTIFUL Becki White is going places—fast! The 21-year-old camgirl from Saint Petersburg, Russia, is crazy about cars and admits she's happiest when she's behind the wheel. She tells *Penthouse* her favorite way to relax is by putting the pedal to the metal! She counts the *Fast & Furious* movies as some of her favorite flicks and is always raring to watch professional racers. But this driven entertainer isn't afraid to get her hands dirty—the brown-eyed brunette is also a trained auto mechanic. While this sexy performer has her eyes on the road ahead, we're happy to take in the rear view. With her shapely figure, long legs and enchanting personality, Becki certainly revs our engine.

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?
Saint Petersburg has its own colorful and eclectic style of architecture. There are many beautiful buildings and homes in the city. It's often called the Venice of the North because it's built on 101 islands and crisscrossed by about 350 bridges. It's just gorgeous.

What's your favorite sex fantasy?
I want to fly in a helicopter over an island and do naughty things with the pilot. But I'd also love to have sex in a police car.

What's your favorite thing about being a camgirl?
Thanks to my work, I have made many friends all over the world. I've learned a lot about people's different traditions.

When you're dating a new man, when do you know if you want to have sex with him?
I need to get to know a guy before I'm intimate with him. Looks definitely count—to a point. But feelings are more important to me, so I need to make sure I'm emotionally comfortable, in addition to being turned on!

AGE: 21
MEASUREMENTS: 34B-23-33
NATIVE COUNTRY: Russia
HEIGHT: 5'5"
INSTAGRAM: @lerabenz20
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Becki White XOXO

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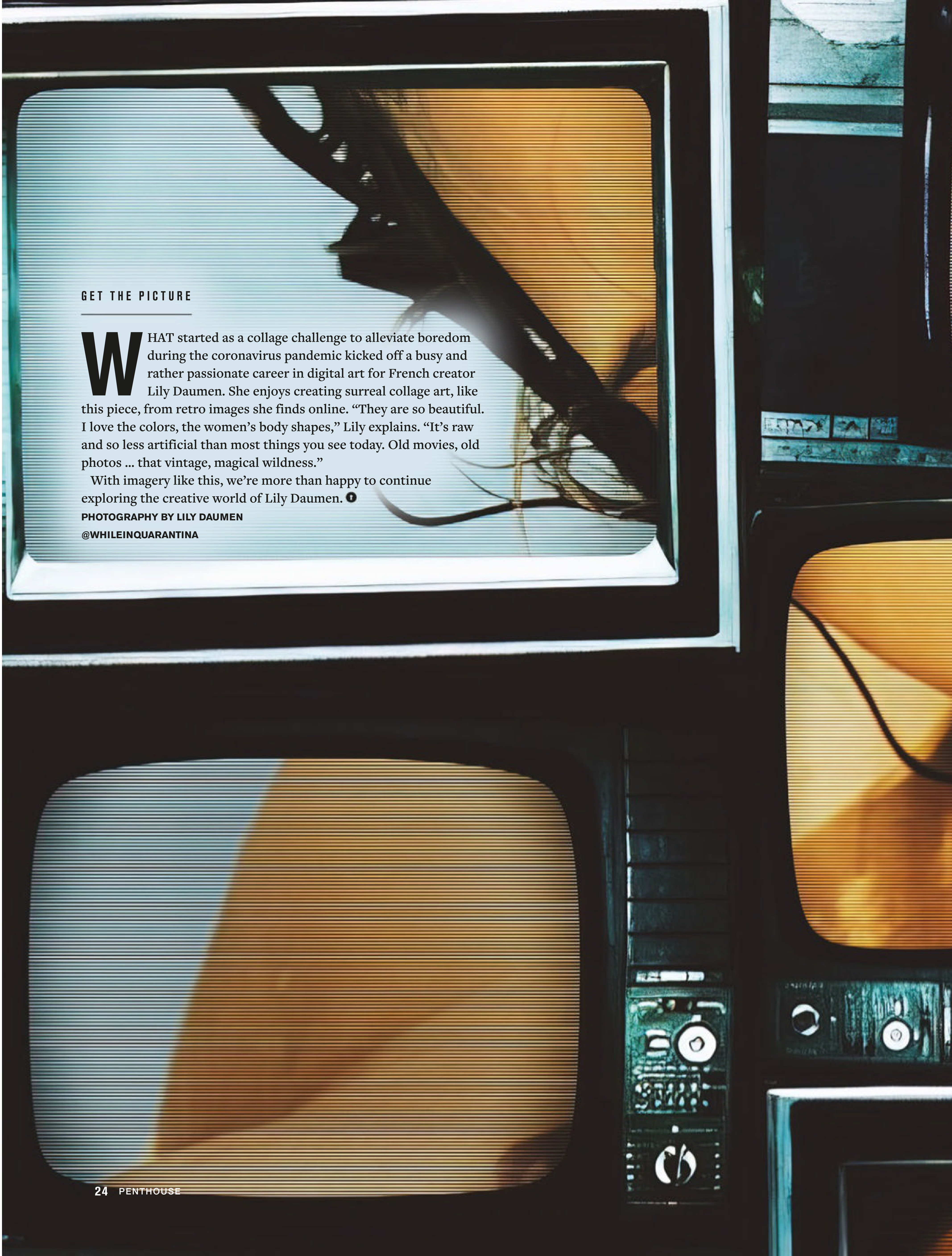


GET THE PICTURE

WHAT started as a collage challenge to alleviate boredom during the coronavirus pandemic kicked off a busy and rather passionate career in digital art for French creator Lily Daumen. She enjoys creating surreal collage art, like this piece, from retro images she finds online. “They are so beautiful. I love the colors, the women’s body shapes,” Lily explains. “It’s raw and so less artificial than most things you see today. Old movies, old photos ... that vintage, magical wildness.”

With imagery like this, we’re more than happy to continue exploring the creative world of Lily Daumen.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LILY DAUMEN

@WHILEINQUARANTINA

SEX

How to Have a Successful 69

WANT TO START CONTROVERSY? ASK PEOPLE HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT 69S.

BY AMIE WEE

THERE is no fence-sitting, only face-sitting, when it comes to the infamous 69 position. People either love or hate 69s with a fiery passion. There's never an in-between.

A 69 has all the elements of a damn good time. After all, it is the only sexual position that, at least in theory, is equally pleasurable for both parties. A 69 has the potential to be the absolute height of intimacy as you can't physically get much closer to each other. It's the only position where your attentions are entirely focused on pleasuring each other—which is mostly due to the fact that you're headlocked between another person's legs.

Sure, the 69 can be awkward and requires a bit of coordination. And, yes, the word "sixty-nine" is the butt of the joke, eliciting smirks everywhere it's name-dropped. But the 69 gets an undeserved bad rap, if you ask us. Here are a few things to consider the next time you wine, dine and 69.

1. Communication

Firstly, there is a lot of choreography involved in pulling off a successful 69 position. Even just getting into position can be a challenge, as you become a nude tangle of sweaty limbs, heads crammed between thighs and mouths hunting genitals, while you try to avoid a stiff limb to the eyeball. The number one key to a successful 69 is to have good oral skills—of the verbal variety. If you can't communicate during a 69, you're metaphorically screwed.

Communication is going to help you get into a position that feels good for both of you, rather than feeling like your head is a pimple on the brink of bursting from the thighs that have it in a vise-like grip, while you're being slapped in the face with an angry pool noodle.

2. Experiment

The key to smashing a 69 is experimenting with what works for you and your partner. Change it up with who goes on top and who's on the bottom. If positioning yourself like an oral sex sandwich isn't working for you, try rolling onto your sides and top and tailing each other. Trying different positions will allow you not only to find a 69 compromise that works for each of you, but it also gives you the opportunity to explore each other's body from new angles, potentially introducing you to new hotspots. The 69 is also a great position for you to expand your oral game. Mouths and tongues can offer a wide variety of sensations that your genitals can't compete with. Take the time to explore the nether regions in front of you as you lick, flick, blow, suck, nibble and kiss until you have your partner talking in tongues.

3. Arrange Backup

It's a fact that you're more likely to have someone accidentally fart in your face than you are to have an orgasm during a 69. Especially if you're of contrasting heights or size, and you're trying to orgasm while your neck is crunched forward for an eternity, or you're on top and you're giving head while doing some kind of demented crotch headstand, while you both aim for that movie-style simultaneous orgasm moment. Wishful thinking. In these instances, it always helps to have some backup before you find yourself locked into this situation. No, I'm not talking about bringing your neighbor Keith in for some action—unless you're into that. I'm talking about God's greatest invention—the sex toy. Think of it like this: Your mouth is generally working hard during a 69, but your hands are roaming free. Have a few small sex toys—like a bullet vibrator or a butt plug—under your pillow and whip them out at an opportune moment to give you a helping hand and relieve the load. ●

CREDIT: ANDREW TARUSOV

Top Five **Halloween Hotspots**

THESE HAPPENING CITIES OFFER MORE TREATS THAN TRICKS—AND ARE NOTHING TO SAY BOO TO!

BY EVE PARSONS

LET'S be real—Halloween fun was one of many things that fell by the wayside due to the pandemic. But now that you and your friends are vaxxed and ready to party, you're probably looking to put the spice back in your pumpkin this fall—and we're right there with you!

No one wants to be stuck on their couch this year—sorry, not sorry Netflix—so check out this list of the sexiest cities for Halloween thrills.

New Orleans: Halloween is huge in the Crescent City and second only to Mardi Gras. If you get into town early, you might catch the Krewe of Boo parade. If you want haunted history, of course, New Orleans comes by that quite naturally, so you'll find plenty of haunted houses, including The Mortuary House and the infamous LaLaurie Mansion. You can book a walking ghost tour or cemetery tour easily in the French Quarter. But if you want pure Southern decadence, that's there in spades, too. After you get your cocktail to go, you'll definitely want to hit up Berger's Skeleton House at St. Charles Avenue and State Street for your Instagram Stories, and also check out the Voodoo Music + Arts experience in City Park.

Salem: Get your ex burned at the stake—just kidding! But Salem, Mass., is, of course, the site of Colonial America's historic and harrowing witch trials. History buffs will love basically everything here. You'll want to check out the Salem Witch Museum, Peabody Essex Museum, which is great for sci-fi fans, and the creepy Old Burying Point Cemetery, in addition to candlelit ghost tours. Bonus: If you drive an hour south from Salem, you'll find the Hockomock Swamp, which is part of the so-called Bridgewater Triangle, a site of alleged paranormal phenomena. The Native American Wampanoag gave the swamp the name Hockomock, which means "place where the spirits dwell," and the area is known for ghost sightings, as well as UFOs!

New York City: If you think you've seen it all, take another look at the ghouls, boys and earthbound spirits partaking in the Big Apple's Village Halloween Parade. The costumes are always next level and wildly creative, so if be prepared to go all out if you want to participate. The theme for 2021 is "Let's Play!!!" which certainly leaves plenty of possibilities for wholesome fun while you're taking in the sights—and not-so-wholesome fun during your after-hours sexcapades.

Los Angeles: Haunted Hollywood tours draw tourists' attention year-round, but we can hardly blame you if the prospect of celebrity ghost sightings sends chills up your spine. Stop in at the Roosevelt Hotel, and see if you can't spot the specter of Marilyn Monroe taking a dip in the Tropicana Pool—or the ghost of her *Misfits* co-star Montgomery Clift, hovering around Room 928—his home while filming 1953's *From Here to Eternity*. Or go see and be seen at the West Hollywood Halloween Carnaval on Halloween Night.

Las Vegas: It's hard to beat Sin City if you're looking for an all-around party experience, with the added thrill of possibly winning big—or literally losing your shirt with sexy strangers. Besides strutting on the Strip, you can show off your clever costumes at any number of parties at area resorts and clubs. Additionally, the city boasts numerous ghost tours that will give you the scoop on the legendary town's restless souls—including mobsters, entertainers and unlucky visitors.

> **"Besides strutting on the Strip, you can show off your clever costumes at any number of parties at area resorts and clubs."**

CREDIT: VADIMGUZHVA

HAPPY
HALLOWEEN
HEY WEEIRDO

FINANCE

IMPENDING ECONOMIC APOCALYPSE

BY GIDEON ROZNER

I recently visited a cemetery. Reading tombstones got me thinking about what I want on mine: “I tried to warn you.”

Many people have admitted the coronavirus saga has changed their politics. It’s changed mine. I’ve gone from being a libertarian to being a paranoid libertarian.

I’m now certain we’re on the edge of a horrible economic abyss.

We are dancing on the lip of the volcano. We are shareholders toasting our portfolios in 1928. We are investment bankers hoovering up subprime mortgages in 2006. We’re Dutchmen hoarding tulips in the 1600s. We’re rank-and-file linesmen in 2002, safe in the knowledge our retirement savings are invested in good old reliable Enron stock. Collectively, we’re every other chump in world history who thought the good times would last forever—until they didn’t.

But, yeah, like I said: I tried to warn you.

CREDIT: ALASHI

“Cryptocurrency may be to government-backed money what Uber was for the taxi industry.”

WORLD DEBT

Every country in the developed world is plunging itself into debt. How much longer can we keep paying off the mortgage with a credit card?

Money—almost everyone on Earth wants it, yet few understand it.

Until a couple thousand years ago, there was no currency, only bartering. Exchange was direct. When societies evolved, early civilizations minted coins to exchange. Eventually, people got tired of carrying around all that metal, so banks issued paper banknotes, which could be redeemed for gold, then governments took over with central banks.

In 1971, Richard Nixon decoupled the U.S. dollar from gold completely. Since then, American currency has no intrinsic value, other than “full faith and credit” of the U.S. government. Every national currency on planet Earth now functions this way.

How far does “full faith and credit” go, when a government can bring money into existence simply by printing it? Remarkably far, it seems, in the 50 years the experiment’s been running.

But history is replete with examples of when it hasn’t gone well.

The Chinese were the first to introduce paper currency around the 10th century, but eventually so much of the government-backed cash was in circulation that its value plummeted. Paper money was abolished in 1455 and not introduced again for several hundred years.

The lesson? You can’t create new money without any underlying economic production backing it up. A thriving economy creates money, not the other way around.

Could a currency crisis happen here?

Of all the crackpot ideas the political left are unleashing, it’s the so-called “modern monetary theory” that will do us in.

It’s hard to work out exactly how much President Joe Biden’s spent since he’s been in office, but his COVID relief bill alone dumped $1.9 trillion U.S. dollars on the global economy.

Of all U.S. dollars currently in circulation, one-fifth has been created in the last 12 months.

We will see inflation in time. Consumer prices have already jumped 4.2 percent in the last year.

The more the government floods the economy with cheap cash, the higher prices will go.

Meanwhile, Bitcoin is decentralized, largely unregulated and finite, designed so no more than 21 million of them can be produced.

SAVED BY CRYPTO?

Cryptocurrency adoption is highest in countries with unstable currencies, with long-suffering people in places like Nigeria and Venezuela buying it up on the black market.

Cryptocurrency may be to government-backed money what Uber was for the taxi industry.

If we can break the government’s monopoly over currency, anything is possible.

For now, look after your assets, be wary of low-interest loans and take a good, hard look at government-backed money sitting in your bank account.

Then, enjoy the fireworks.

The economic chaos will not be pretty, but it won’t be boring.

Remember, I tried to warn you.

FIELD GOALS

BUCCANEERS FANS ARE JONESING FOR BACK-TO-BACK SUPER BOWL CHAMPIONSHIPS—BUT CAN STORIED QUARTERBACK TOM BRADY DELIVER?

BY CURTIS EICHELBERGER

TAMPA Bay Buccaneers quarterback Tom Brady will enter the Pro Football Hall of Fame in a few years as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest quarterback in National Football League history. But all the records and all the accolades that have been bestowed upon him are just an ode to past glories.

The challenge Brady, 44, and the Bucs are facing this season is one of the most difficult in all of pro football: winning back-to-back Super Bowl championships.

The feat has been accomplished just eight times in the Super Bowl's 55-year history. Not surprisingly, it was Brady's New England Patriots that were the last to win consecutive championships when they defeated the Carolina Panthers 32-29 in the 2004 Super Bowl and the Philadelphia Eagles, 24-21, the following year.

That was nearly two decades ago, though—long before anyone was calling Brady the GOAT, the greatest of all time.

Other teams that repeated were the Green Bay Packers (1967-68); Miami Dolphins (1973-74); Pittsburgh Steelers (1975-76); Pittsburgh Steelers again (1979-80); San Francisco 49ers (1989-1990); Dallas Cowboys (1993-94); and Denver Broncos (1998-1999).

Brady hears optimistic Bucs fans—still breathless from the Super Bowl victory this past February, no doubt—speaking of winning two straight like it is a fait accompli.

"I think the assumption [that it won't be hard] comes from the belief that it will just be exactly like it was last year," Brady said this summer. "The reality is everything is different. The teams will approach you a little bit differently."

Brady knows Super Bowls. He's played in ten of them, winning seven titles and five Super Bowl Most Valuable Player awards, but only once has he won consecutive championships.

"You've got to stay focused on what's really important," Brady said. "How do you improve? How do you get better from week to week, day to day? Improve your routine, improve your communication with your teammates [and] with your coaches. Not allow your mind to really fall into this position that you make this assumption that just because you did something in February that you'll do it again next February because that's not the reality of football—it's way too competitive. A lot of games we won last year were very razor-thin margins; one or two plays make the difference in every game."

Many factors can derail a team: injuries, the loss of key players to free agency, off-field turmoil and plain bad luck.

Although the likelihood of repeating is low, the Bucs have a few things in their favor.

Tampa Bay plays in a weak NFC South division where it will face the Atlanta Falcons and Carolina Panthers (9-23 combined last season) and the New Orleans Saints, who are without quarterback Drew Brees after he retired in March.

The Bucs are returning all 22 starters, the first defending Super Bowl champion in the salary cap era to do so, according to the team.

And of course, Brady is back at the helm.

Jay Kornegay, executive vice president at SuperBook Sports operations, said the early money was on the Bucs to repeat, with the odds at 9-2. But he cautioned that those odds would change once the season was underway.

> "There are a number of ways returning Super Bowl winners can go from champs to chumps."

"The division is weak, and there is uncertainty throughout the NFC from the Saints without Brees, to the off-season issues with Aaron Rodgers wanting out of Green Bay. Of the top four contenders in the NFC, in our view, the Bucs have the fewest question marks surrounding them," Kornegay said.

"What we can't measure yet is their motivation and desire. That's the biggest obstacle to repeating. They were really hungry last season. But winning brings a certain satisfaction. Will they be able to get the same level of intensity this year? I'm not saying they can't, but it's the biggest obstacle to repeating in sports."

Injuries are a close second, experts say.

Sportsbooks keep a close eye on injury reports because of the impact they can have on scoring. It can move the line, and the fates of promising teams, quite significantly.

"Brady's arm isn't what it used to be, but it was enough last year to complement the Bucs' running game and their defense," Kornegay said. "If you get injuries, though, or the defense is subpar, they'll end up in more shootouts, allowing more points and putting more pressure on Brady to throw for more yards. If the running game suffers injuries or declines, the defense doesn't get the rest it needs. The play or health of one unit, affects the performance of another. And remember, these guys are already going to have targets on their back because everyone wants to knock off the champ."

There are a number of ways returning Super Bowl winners can go from champs to chumps.

Consider the three previous Super Bowl winners and how injuries, a shocking performance and a few ill-advised turnovers blew their chances to repeat.

The Philadelphia Eagles beat Brady and the New England Patriots, 41-33, in the 2018 Super Bowl. Starting quarterback Carson Wentz tore knee ligaments on Dec. 10, 2017, and backup Nick Foles became an unlikely hero, leading the Eagles to the championship.

Wentz returned to the lineup the following season, but suffered a stress fracture in his back in mid-December that sent him to the bench. Foles reclaimed the starting job, but was unable to summon the old magic. Philadelphia was eliminated from the playoffs in a 20-14 divisional round loss to the New Orleans Saints.

The Patriots returned to the Super Bowl in 2019, beating the Los Angeles Rams 13-3 in the lowest scoring Super Bowl ever.

New England went 12-4 in the 2019 regular season and won its 11th consecutive AFC East title. But the Patriots' top-ranked defense buckled in the wild card round, allowing Titans running back Derrick Henry to rush for 182 yards and a touchdown in the Titans' 20-13 victory.

In the 2020 Super Bowl, the Patrick Mahomes-led Kansas City Chiefs scored 21 points in the final 6:13 to beat the

San Francisco 49ers, 31-20.

The Chiefs returned to the Super Bowl last season, but what was billed as a shootout between the Chiefs' youthful quarterback and the more experienced Brady was largely decided by the Buccaneers' determined defense. Mahomes, 25, passed for 270 yards, no touchdowns and two interceptions. Brady passed for 201 yards and three touchdowns, but made no turnovers in a 31-9 win that earned Brady his fifth Super Bowl MVP award.

Johnny Avello, director of race and sportsbook operations at DraftKings, had the Kansas City Chiefs favored at 5-1 this summer and agreed with Kornegay that motivation and complacency are the biggest factors in a team's ability to repeat. But, he cautioned, never underestimate Lady Luck.

"In last year's NFC Championship game, Brady threw three picks in about 10 minutes and they were lucky to hold on for the win. Sometimes, it is just about things going your way," Avello said. "I thought they were fortunate to even get to the Super Bowl last year. I'm not expecting them to get there again."

Only a few professional franchises have ever been dominant enough in their sport to be a surefire bet at winning consecutive championships. Avello pointed to teams like the Boston Celtics and Los Angeles Lakers in the National Basketball Association and New York Yankees in Major League Baseball, where players at every position were among the best in the league.

"I don't see any of the teams today having that type of presence on the field," Avello said. "I think there is more parity now than there's ever been. And that makes it much harder to win championships back-to-back."

Brady knows it will be difficult, but he thinks the Bucs are just reaching their peak.

"[Coach Bruce Arians has] done a great job of keeping us focused, keeping the intensity there," Brady said. "I feel like we're not finished projects. It was really our first opportunity to play together last year, and there's a lot of opportunity for us to grow into something that could be very different."

Perhaps. But I'm not sure I'd put money on it.

CREDIT: PATRICK SMITH

CRUSH

NOEL LEON

FOLLOW @NOELLEONINSTA

NOEL Leon has captured the hearts of more than a million fans from across the globe on Instagram, but the quirky model and writer from Venice Beach tells *Penthouse* that growing up, you'd most likely find her hiding in a corner with her nose in a book.

Openly bisexual, Noel says she finds liberation in living her truth unapologetically. "Society will always put people in boxes. But living in a decade that actually allows women to do our thing, with men or women, while being able to not care what others think is truly liberating," she explains.

As for some advice for the men and women who are keen to court her, Noel says, "My ideal first date would be a brutal game of tennis where I annihilate my opponent, before eating sushi in silence while reading a brutally honest PDF of each other's red flags, pet peeves and positive attributes—bypassing the willy-nilly casual conversation. OK, maybe not all of that. But definitely sushi and tennis."

Game, set, love match?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF KRAVITZ

Political Sex Scandals

HERE ARE THE MOST ICONIC POLITICAL SEX SCANDALS THAT HAVE ROCKED OUR WORLD

UNITED STATES: SMOKIN' SEX TOYS

Not only did sitting president Bill Clinton have an affair with intern Monica Lewinsky inside the White House in 1998, she reportedly used his cigar as a sex toy. The story goes that she masturbated with a stogie while Clinton watched.

ITALY: BUNGA BUNGA PARTIES

Former Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi's lavish sex parties became so infamous they had their own nickname. He used the term "bunga bunga" to describe debauched parties where young women stripped and danced for him before he decided which one he wanted to have sex with.

AUSTRALIA: FILE IT ON THE DESK

A Coalition government staffer was sacked for allegedly masturbating over a female MP's desk. Sources said the genius decided to have a wank over his boss's desk, film it and send the images and videos via Facebook Messenger to a group of other staffers.

MUSTAFA CIHAN PAÇACI

NORTHERN IRELAND: THE GRADUATE

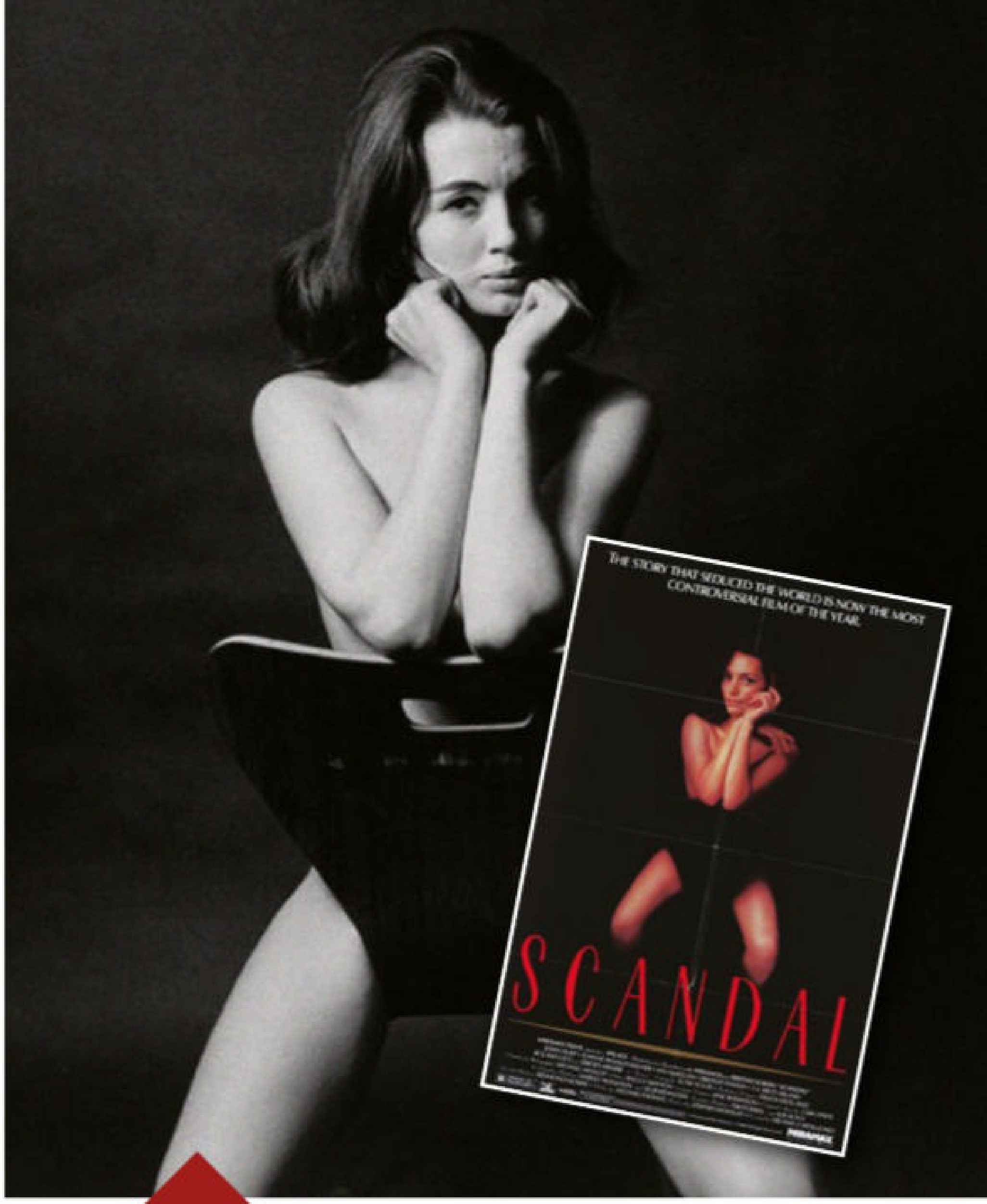
A 19-year-old had an affair with a woman 40 years older than him in 2008. She was named Mrs. Robinson, which may ring a bell. Iris Robinson was a member of parliament and wife of Northern Ireland's government leader, Peter. Ohh, and she was also busy taking payments from local property developers.

ISRAEL: AVOIDING JAIL TIME (JUST)

One of the world's most sordid political sex scandals involved former Israeli premier Moshe Katsav, who was forced to step down after a string of accusations. Several female employees came forward to accuse him of sexual harassment and rape—charges he denied. A plea bargain allowed him to escape jail time, but this is one of the worst scandals to be discovered anywhere in the world.

UNITED KINGDOM: WAR DANCE

The Profumo affair rocked British politics in the '60s before becoming the inspo for the 1989 hit movie *Scandal*. Christine Keeler was 19, working as a hostess at a London nightclub and involved with several men, including a Russian believed to be KGB. Then she was introduced to John Profumo, the secretary of state for war, through an osteopath.


THE STORY THAT SEDUCED THE WORLD IS NOW THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM OF THE YEAR.
SCANDAL

The Profumo affair rocked British politics in the '60s before becoming the inspo for the 1989 hit movie *Scandal*.

TURKEY: SEX VIDEO SCANDAL

Not one, not two, but six senior politicians in Turkey's opposition Nationalist Action Party were forced to resign amidst a sex scandal shortly before national elections. Of course, once busted, they blamed the government for allowing recordings of their alleged extramarital flings.

UNITED STATES: DAD'LL BE BACK

The year was 2011. The *Los Angeles Times* revealed Arnold Schwarzenegger had fathered a child with his housekeeper, Mildred Patricia Baena. The former California governor now has a close relationship with his 23-year-old son Joseph.

MALDIVES: SEX TAPE & BLACKMAIL

A senior member of President Mohamed Waheed's party and former Chief of the Maldives National Broadcasting Corporation was arrested for allegedly blackmailing a senior judge of the Supreme Court with a sex tape.

CREDIT: LEWIS MORLEY ARCHIVE/SEYMOUR PLATT / INSTAGRAM.COM/PROJOE2 / YOUTUBE

MUSIC

Postmortem Payday

BY PAUL DALGARNO

POSTHUMOUS albums are a sign o' the times. Take Prince's "new" album *Welcome 2 America*, which initially had been scheduled for distribution during his lifetime in 2011 before being canceled. But it was finally released in July, five years after his passing. It's the third Prince album since his accidental overdose in 2016, but the first he'd recorded with a release, even a tour, in mind. So, releasing it now must be ethically sound, right? Hmmm ...

Prince presumably shelved the album for a reason, and let's not forget he spent the better part of the '90s with "SLAVE" scrawled across his cheek, disowning his name in protest against the money-over-creativity stance of his corporate overlords.

Some albums do receive a tacit sign-off before the artist signs off. Queen's *Made in Heaven* (1995), released after Freddie Mercury's death, is the gold standard in deathly consent, given he knew while recording his vocals that the jig was up—not that he would have necessarily loved the schmaltzy pap the album would become.

Others are posthumous by technicality. *Life After Death*—the most aptly named record of all time—appeared barely two weeks after the Notorious B.I.G. was gunned down in 1997.

But many artists, we have to assume, would recoil from their amped-up afterlife. What might Amy Winehouse have made of *Lioness: Hidden Treasures* (2011), a cobbled together collection of covers and outtakes? Would famously shy Kurt Cobain have been mortified all over again when his pre-fame bedroom efforts became public property via 2015's *Montage of Heck: The Home Recordings?*

So why release music by artists who are, biologically speaking, clearly past their prime? The answer, of course, rhymes with honey.

> **"Maybe abusing an artist's vision and consent is a small price to pay for a postmortem payday."**

Though they've been around since the gramophone era, posthumous albums were historically unlikely to hit No. 1. From the mid-1950s to early-1990s, Jim Croce, Janis Joplin and John Lennon were the only three to achieve those heights—a trend, if only a trickle. But the chart-topping success of Selena's *Dreaming of You* burst the dam in 1995. The fact that she—like Lennon—had been fatally shot surfaced as a key ingredient in the secret sauce.

In the quarter of a century since, the majority of posthumous No. 1 albums have been by rappers and hip-hop artists, a shocking number of whom have been shot dead, frequently in drive-by killings—the alpha ghost being Tupac Shakur, who had finished only one of his seven posthumously released albums before his murder in 1996. Three of those reached No. 1, including the lamentable, Eminem-produced *Loyal to the Game* (2004), featuring duets with artists 2Pac had never met and his spectral voice being manipulated to meet the record's needs. But maybe abusing an artist's vision and consent is a small price to pay for a postmortem payday.

Incidentally, if not coincidentally, the last non-rapper to hit No. 1 in the afterlife was Prince with *The Very Best of Prince* (2001), which re-entered the charts at the top spot following his death. As he muses from beyond the grave on *Welcome 2 America*: "Come on in, sit right down and fill up your pockets, yeah."

CREDIT: PRINCE'S "WELCOME 2 AMERICA" ARTWORK NPG/LEGACY RECORDINGS

SEX/LIFE

TELEVISION

Sex/Life: What's all the fuss?

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

IF your partner's talking about Netflix's *Sex/Life*, it's not because of the excellent acting or twisty scripts. It's about the hot sex, basically.

The concept of the show is pretty simple. The lead character bounces between lust and regret, in between flashbacks of steamy sex she enjoyed with her ex, who happens to have a huge schlong.

Billie, played by Sarah Shahi, is a suburban wife, mother and reformed wild child, who used to play hard in New York City before settling down with her wealthy and stable—but boring—venture capitalist husband, portrayed by Mike Vogel.

Boredom kicks in, and each episode features a flashback starring her ex, music producer and record label hotshot Brad, played by Adam Demos.

There's lots of moaning, squirming, lip-biting and erect nipples.

Did we mention Billie likes being topless? That might encourage you to watch, if you've been dodging it to date.

There's also lots of lace underwear slipping and sliding down thighs.

So maybe it's unsurprising that since its June premiere, *Sex/Life* has become a massive audience favorite and go-to for gals looking to Netflix and chill.

If you're searching for soft-core smut to watch without intimidating your partner too much, this series is a good option.

There is very little plot. It's basically just an excuse to showcase sex scenes, which, if we're honest, lots of us are looking for anyway.

The eight-episode juggernaut is being compared to Netflix's breakout hit *Bridgerton* and *365 Days*, the erotic BDSM-tinged movie that was the streaming service's No. 1 film for 57 days last year and lingered in their top 10 for months.

More episodes of *Sex/Life* are said to be in the pipeline because it's been such a ratings hit.

> **"There is very little plot. It's basically just an excuse to showcase sex scenes."**

HERE ARE MORE ITEMS TO ADD TO YOUR WATCH LIST...

- There's been talk for ages that Mike Myers might bring a comedy to Netflix, and the service finally confirmed he'll shoot a limited series called ***The Pentaverate***, which is set to premiere in 2022. A stack of other stars will join the former ***Saturday Night Live*** funnyman, including Jennifer Saunders, Debi Mazar and Ken Jeong.

- Netflix is following up the comic-based ***Jupiter's Legacy***—which had a reported price tag of more than $200 million for a single season—with the villain-focused ***Supercrooks*** set in the same universe. There's chatter that the characters from ***Jupiter's Legacy*** could cross over into the new series. Don't confuse this live-action adaptation with the anime series of the same name, which was released at the Annecy International Animation Film Festival in France in June.

- ***Batman: Caped Crusader***, a new animated series featuring Gotham City's favorite batty do-gooder, has been ordered at HBO Max. It will be executive produced by Bruce Timm—co-creator of ***Batman: The Animated Series***, which ran on TV from 1992 to 1995—along with J.J. Abrams and Matt Reeves. The trio said in a statement, "The series will be thrilling, cinematic and evocative of Batman's noir roots."

CREDIT: © NETFLIX. © WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC.

WEIRD HISTORY

The War That Was Over Quicker Than Lunch

IT ALL KICKED OFF ON AUGUST 27, 1896, AT 9 A.M. ... 40 MINUTES LATER IT WAS OVER. AS WARS GO, THIS WAS A QUICKIE.

BY BEN POBJIE

EVERY war, of course, has its own unique character—but one thing most wars have in common is that they tend to drag on a bit. Relatively speaking, wars are usually pretty long. Even the first Gulf War, which was over pretty snappily, lasted six months, which is quite a stretch to be in the desert in heavy fatigues. The Six-Day War of 1967 was lightning quick by war standards but still much longer than Peter Jackson's *Hobbit* trilogy.

This is what makes the Anglo-Zanzibar War of 1896 perhaps the most special war of all time: It was all over inside three-quarters of an hour. It's the only war on record to be outlasted by an average episode of *Breaking Bad*, and it is a credit to all involved that, once hostilities broke out, it was all able to be sorted out so speedily.

To start at the beginning—which wasn't particularly distant from the end—on August 25, 1896, the Sultan of Zanzibar, Hamad bin Thuwaini, passed away, and the throne of the tiny African island nation passed to his successor, Sultan Khalid bin Barghash.

This posed a problem for Britain, which had previously recognized Zanzibar's independence and acknowledged it as a sovereign nation, but with the classically British caveat, "You know, not *really*."

Although they didn't technically own Zanzibar, the British were quite keen to keep control of it, especially as Germany was trying to throw its weight around in East Africa. With the 20th century looming and a couple of really promising wars penciled in to the schedule, Britain was eager to curb German influence as much as possible. With that in mind, the demise of the pro-British Thuwaini and accession of the much less pro-British Khalid gave the poms the screaming irrits.

Following the national motto, "Do what we say, grubby little foreigners," Britain quickly issued an ultimatum: Khalid bin Barghash was to get out of the palace and let their preferred sultan, a sound chap by the name of Hamud bin Muhammed, move in, by 9 a.m. on August 27, or there would be hell to pay.

Nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th, however, found Khalid very much still in occupation of the palace, sitting tight with his little army and his flag flying proudly above—a flag that, he informed the British who were anchored in the harbor at Zanzibar Town, he had no intention of taking down. "We do not believe you will open fire," read the message the new sultan sent to the British commander. "LOL," replied the British consul, Basil Cave, "check this out then, bruv."

"LOL," replied the British consul, Basil Cave, "check this out then, bruv." And with that the Brits opened fire.

And with that the Brits opened fire. Her Majesty's ships Raccoon, Thrush and Sparrow—the ships with the really butch names being required for far more serious wars—began bombarding the palace. The first shot took out one of the Zanzibari cannons, and also caused Sultan Khalid to immediately bolt for the hills. The palace, which was mostly made of wood, and its inhabitants, who were mostly made of meat and bones, were equally ill-equipped to deal with the British shells, and both palace and men quickly began to fall apart.

A gallant effort to return fire came from the Zanzibaris' decrepit ship the Glasgow, which fired on the British fleet, drawing a quick riposte, which sank the Glasgow without delay as the crew ran up a British flag by way of apology.

By 9:40 the war was over.

By the afternoon, Hamud bin Muhammed was sultan. Zanzibar had learned a valuable lesson about the advisability of standing up to bigger countries with better guns, and Britain had learned a valuable lesson about how awesome it was.

Once again the British Empire was in complete control of a foreign country, and all was right with the world once more.

But both winner and loser in this delightful boutique war could take pride in the fact that they had done something nobody had done before, and have not done since: fight a war from beginning to end in less time than it takes to roast a Christmas turkey.

That's something nobody can ever take away from them.

CREDIT: WIKIPEDIA.ORG

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KEVIN 'THE MOTOWN PHENOM' LEE

UFC'S KEVIN LEE IS A BEAST! SO, WHAT MAKES THIS BEAST TICK?

CREDIT: MIKE ROACH/ZUFFA LLC VIA GETTY IMAGES

KEVIN Lee is an Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC) fan favorite. His good looks, shredded body and outstanding ability have all contributed to his formidable reputation. Born in Michigan in 1992, he was raised in Detroit and has a sister and two younger brothers. He made his professional debut against Al Iaquinta in 2014 at UFC 169. He lost and moved to Las Vegas to focus on his game. He got his first win when he defeated Jesse Ronson on July 6, 2014. The rest is in this interview!

Welcome Kevin Lee. Thank you for being ready to speak to us today.
Man, I'm always ready!

Let's start by talking about your training. How do you stay in such good shape?
I'm coming off two knee surgeries. I honestly think it's mostly just genetics. My little brother doesn't train at all, and he's in better shape than me.

So you've had knee reconstructions?
Yep! The first one hurt like a motherfucker. It took some time to get back to the grind, but I was back in the gym pretty quickly, just grinding a different grind.

Do you think you heal faster the fitter you are?
I've been fighting since I was 16. I haven't had anything this major before, but being in good physical shape preps you for this. When I first got injured in high school, I started this path of injuries. It's like a muscle; you've got to build it. I started fighting at 18 and went pro at 19. I had over 200 wrestling matches, about 150 in high school and 200 in college. I compete a lot!

So you felt like a veteran before you even came to the UFC?
No, I still feel like I'm just getting started! I've fought some of the best guys in the world. I've had to learn through years of fighting. In MMA [mixed martial arts] we come up the ranks a lot faster. Now, in UFC I'm just starting to hit that vet status. I feel like I'm in the right spot at the right time.

You hurt your left knee, and then the right?
I was rehabbing the left, and then I was just dancing in my living room. I was feeling good, I was over compensating, and it popped.

That means you're "no contact" in the gym now, just upper body?
For a while, yeah.

So, 2020 wasn't a good year for you?
It wasn't a good year for anyone, was it? It was a dumpster fire. I feel like I learned a lot about myself. Even being injured, I couldn't get up and do what I'm used to doing. You've got to take the negative and make a positive, all that good shit.

You were born and raised in Detroit. Tell us about it.
Yeah, Rock City. It's a pretty tough city. I had to learn how to navigate the world. I'd already seen life at its worst. I'm fighting some of the toughest dudes in the world, and when I'm coming up against a crazy name, I get a little anxious, but I don't let that stop me.

Let's talk about some of the beasts you've fought.
Yeah, and I still feel pumped! At the end of 2019, which I would say was my best year, I got to beat Gregor Gillespie. And not only that, I got to beat him in front of Donald Trump!

ESPN called me and said Gillespie is still unconscious ...
I heard his jaw was broken; he still hasn't fought since then. That fight was one of my top three knockouts. When you stiffened them like that, it's more gratifying than a knockout. I ain't gonna lie! It's totally different when you're on a big stage like that. I'd hurt my ankle two weeks before that fight. My baby brother, who's in jail right now, was getting ready to fight his case. It was one of those situations where there's a real lesson. He was saying to me, "I'm tired. I don't want to fight this anymore." I was trying to tell him to keep fighting. But I was talking to him from the locker room, where I'd just been talking to the coach, saying, "I don't think I can fight anymore." And right then and there, I was like I'm going to knock [Gillespie] out with this foot. I looked down, and my foot was all swollen. But I was like, "I'm going to take him down." I thought, *How can I tell [my little brother] to keep fighting, and then not fight myself?*

Did that give you the edge in that fight, hearing that from family?
Sure. You always need a reason to fight; family is that reason. My brother is an extension of me. Straight away I started doing rehab, then two days before the fight I was managing to walk again.

How do you deal with your brother being imprisoned? Does he get to see your fights?
Yeah, he gets to see my fights in jail. It's hard. As I said, I feel like he's an extension of me. We've got the same DNA. I feel like it could have been me in there. Even going through COVID-19, not being able to get out and move too much because of my injuries, I was like, "Let me get back up. Stop complaining, and get on with it." It's a wake-up call, you know.

Do personal tribulations make you stronger?
I like speaking some real shit. People want to hear it.

Your late coach Robert Follis was a huge part of your life. How much did he influence your career?
It was huge. I was coming over from Detroit. I kind of felt I was in the middle ground; I was too black for the white people, too white for the black people. I didn't really fit in anywhere. When I made the decision to move [to Las Vegas], I met Follis, and he talked to me in a way that I really felt like he got me.

Brother, father, friend—how would you classify that relationship?
He was a father figure. He was someone I wanted to impress. I've had a few coaches like that, even my high school wrestling coach. He made sure I was on the right path.

Follis had helped many great sportsmen. He then died by suicide. How did you cope with that?
He committed suicide shortly after I lost a fight. I kept asking myself, "If I'd have won that fight, would it have been different?" But then I checked myself; there's much more going on in the world than me. There was a lot more going on in his head. In a roundabout way, I felt he did it for a reason. He knew it was time for me to find a different coach. He felt it was time to move on.

Are there any stories you can tell about Robert?
Honestly, I'd rather keep them. Yeah, I'd rather keep them.

Cheers to that. Now, let's talk about the rising profile of UFC.
Money is coming to the UFC. Conor McGregor has the profile of the sport; he's raised it for all of us.

Tell us how it feels to be on a Conor McGregor card?
In UFC 178, he was the third on the card. Eddie Alvarez was put there. It was my first peek into that world. I was like, "These Irish dudes are fucking crazy!" I was kind of enjoying it. They were seriously into the sport; they were there for a good fight. Then it was a bit overwhelming; you've got to be a different kind of beast to go up against all of that.

You mean, all those Irish fans booing you?
I was there opening up for the main card. The energy was like, "Get outta here. We're here for Conor!" The main thing was the energy. It was something I had to get used to. That experience, you can't teach that, facing thousands of people cheering for someone else. After the fight, I sat in the crowd. I was looking around, seeing how everyone was reacting. I was like, "I'm a young kid from Detroit. Black people don't support each other in the way Irish people support each other." Most other cultures do, to be honest. I think in America, we just love winners!

You're into politics a bit. We saw you at a Bernie Sanders rally.
It wasn't into politics—until I was. I'm a hunter. Everyday I wake up, and I work out who am I looking for. Right now, it could be the UFC guys, but I still look at the bigger picture. There came a time when I thought, *Who better to hunt than the fucking president?* I enjoy it when people get upset.

What was it like being up there?
It was different! The same butterflies, but when you get up there on stage, you're just in the moment. And then every other normal moment is so fucking boring, compared to those fucking moments!

UFC
UFC
KEVIN
LEE
Reebok

CREDIT: MIKE ROACH/ZUFFA LLC VIA GETTY IMAGES

> I'VE GOT A LOT OF OPTIONS IN FRONT OF ME. I'M JUST FOCUSING ON GETTING MYSELF HEALTHY, AND THEN I KNOW I CAN BEAT ANYONE, ANYONE IN THE WORLD.

How does it compare to fighting?
When you're talking, you've really got to stay in the moment. You've got to keep people engaged. It's a completely different beast.

Speaking of Motown, you're from Detroit, but you're living in Las Vegas.
Yeah, I am. COVID changed everything, though. I did my first training camp in Canada. It's cold, but the women are amazing up there.

Are you single?
Yes, I am. I'm busy doing my thing. For the most part, I'm not looking to get married yet. I'm 28; I've got money to make, man!

Have you done any acting?
No. It seems hard! If I do it, I'll just be me. The real me. I'll get some Hennessy or Courvoisier. I like Belaire and coffee in the morning, then wine and tea at night. I like red wine. I'm getting into the dry red wine right now.

Before you do a photo shoot, drink a couple of glasses of red the night before and you'll be really shredded.
Is that right? I'm going to need to try that. I'll keep that in mind!

You mentioned you can accept your losses. You've established it's a learning process, but who would you like to have beaten?
Tony Ferguson. That's the one I'd like to have won. I wasn't ready for that fight. I even knew prior I wasn't ready. I knew when they offered it. When I fought in June 2017 that was the first time I'd made national attention. I knew it was going to happen, but they were coming to Detroit for the first time. I knew Tony from way back when. He used to wrestle at the same college as me, and then they hit me with the October date. They offered me the money. I was like, "I'm going to do it." You know, I've got to sleep with myself. I'm not going to be a bitch. But you go back and watch it, I was sweating getting off the bus to go, but just walking out I was on a 20, trying to pump myself up to get there. I lost it; I really thought I was going to die in there. Just from sheer exhaustion.

You go through the trials and tribulations of being in this warrior industry, but you're still human.
Yeah, we play up to that, play up to the super human thing. But we are just human beings, of course. Seriously, it's a crazy person who wants to keep getting up and keep on putting themselves through it.

What do you like to do outside the sport?
I'm an artist. I like to create things. That's what gives me my peace. I do some random shit. I love music; I play a bit. My favorite artist would be Lil Wayne.

What's the story with you and Dillon Danis?
OK, I'll tell you how I first met him. I used to train a lot at Drysdale in Vegas. They said this really good Jiu-Jitsu guy, Dillon, is coming through. You know, I'm a competitor at the end of the day. We trained a little bit together. I can tell when someone else is playing the game. There's a game to promotion, the hype around fights. There's a game to it. I could tell he was playing, so I thought, I'm going to play the game, too! I was like, "Let's play. Let's have some fun!" I thought, *Come on, he can't fight*. So I said it had to be our own money. When I had a sponsor hit me up, I said no, it's got to be my money and your money. I want to take his money off him. There was a thing Eddie Bravo started where in Jiu-Jitsu, you're allowed to slap. I was like, "Let's do that." I've never done Jiu-Jitsu, so I thought, *Let's meet in the middle*. But you know, I'm still down. I'll still do it, but there's got to be slaps involved. That's got to be on the table. No punches. But slaps? Hell yeah!

Do you think we could do general public contender tryouts? Give them headgear and shin guards and get them fighting for a contract?
OK, I'm with you, but only for the security guards. You know, those guys have to learn how to fight. It doesn't make sense that they can't. We're not going to make the lady at the front desk fight for her job.

What happens when announcer Bruce Buffer leaves?
Well, you can't make those guys fight. Bruce's a great guy.

Does Vegas feels like home now?
I've been here for five years. I feel like a local now. The feeling's a bit different, though; I'm starting to notice the changes happening around the place.

Do you ever look in the mirror and think, I've done good?
I never envisioned this. I knew I was going to be successful somehow. I knew eventually I would get there. I'm fucking happy to be where I am. I'm 28. I'm living this beautiful life. I feel like I'm living in a movie sometimes. Everything I do is so I can one day tell my kids these stories. I've got a lot of options in front of me. I'm just focusing on getting myself healthy, and then I know I can beat anyone, anyone in the world.

Is there anything inspirational you can say to anyone who's not doing too well right now?
Just keep going. I feel like everything is all connected, so as long as you love what you're doing, just keep doing that shit. Even if you think you suck at it, keep doing it, keep critiquing it, and eventually one day you'll look up and look back and you'll say, "Look how far I've come!" With me, I think, *You used to be some kid from Detroit, and look at you now. Just keep going.* ●

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SHOT IN THE RAW

PHOTOGRAPHER
SEBBY RAW
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PEACH WHISKEY
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SEBBY Raw was working as a production assistant on a clothing shoot when he approached the director to ask if he could take a few sneaky behind-the-scenes photos. The director agreed, and Sebby's shots ended up being used as part of the campaign, with his images outperforming the main photo shoot. That kicked off the Atlanta-based photographer's career, and these days, Sebby says there isn't a month that goes by where he isn't on the road shooting beautiful women all over the country.

Why are you passionate about photography?
I'm passionate about evolving, pushing my limits and always working to better improve my craft. Photography is the vessel where I put my energy. It fuels my day, and it allows me to build my skills. The possibilities are endless.

Do you have a particular type of model you like to shoot?
I try not to limit myself when it comes to who I like to shoot. I'll shoot anyone, but when it comes to producing the best content, the number one type of model I like to work with is a confident one.

In your opinion, what makes a great photo?
A photo that doesn't feel forced. Everything flows naturally, color is on point, focus is perfect, creativity is unmatched and skin looks flawless.

How has your approach to photography changed since you began shooting?
My equipment, by far. I've upgraded several times before finally finding my rhythm with Canon. Going from a beginner's Sony Cyber-shot to the Canon R5, with many in between, has really progressed my photography and skill.

Do you have a favorite image or set that you have shot?
One of my favorite sets was with a little-known model out of New York. She came to shoot with me in an old repurposed church in New Orleans. The photos turned out perfectly. So good, in fact, one of the images turned out to be one of my first prints.

What advice would you give to someone wanting to photograph nudes?
Keep your shoots to one hour. Keeping models nude for an extended period of time in a beginner's setting can sometimes be off-putting.

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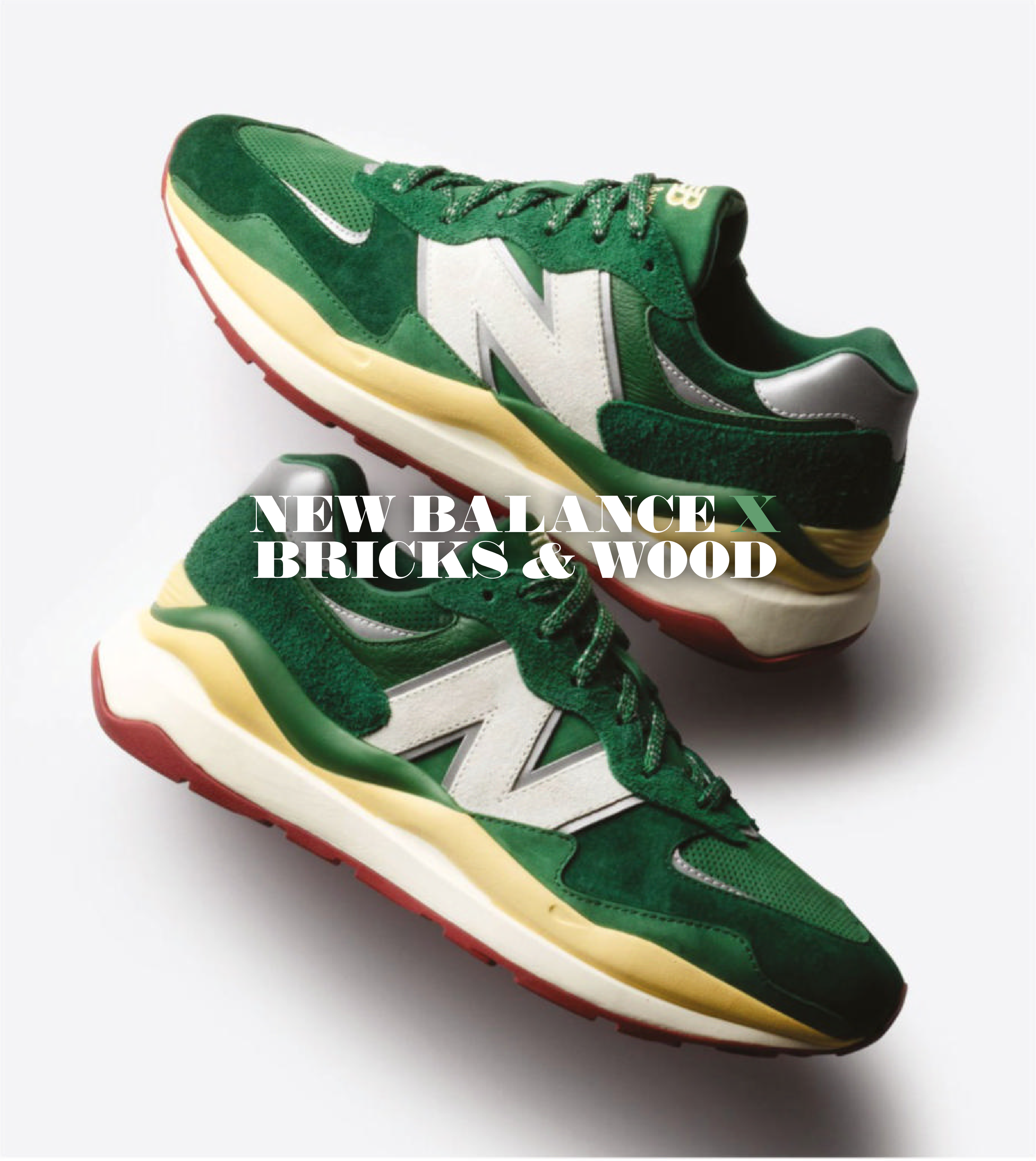
AUTUMN IS IN THE AIR

TO ENSURE YOU STEP INTO FALL WITH CONFIDENCE, WE'VE GOT THE LATEST SNEAKER COLLABS AND SUSTAINABLE SUNGLASSES, PLUS TODD SNYDER'S COLLECTION WITH SPORTSWEAR GIANT CHAMPION



NEW BALANCE X BRICKS & WOOD

BRICKS & Wood, the proudly Black-owned Los Angeles fashion label, has teamed up with New Balance for an interesting East Coast meets West Coast collaboration. These two brands may have come from very different places to get to where they are today, but here they have come together for a common cause.

The collection is seen as an homage to Black America and the importance of Black Americans. It centers around the classic New Balance 57/40 sneaker. Bricks & Wood has reimagined the style with a more standout colorway, mixing up red, yellow and green for a quite dazzling design. The palette is a nod to L.A.'s South Central, a neighborhood very close to the heart of Bricks & Wood founder Kacey Lynch.

If you're not in the market for a new pair of sneakers but still want to get behind this highly relevant and meaningful collab, there are other offerings from the partnership, including some super cool green socks adorned with the Bricks & Wood logo.

Although the collection is inspired by sportswear, it has clearly been created for that pure South Central L.A. street style—for those who like to rock casual, yet bold threads. It's already proving rather difficult to get your hands on the sneakers, so move quickly if you see a pair!

CREDIT: NEW BALANCE

DON'T SWEAT IT

TODD SNYDER X CHAMPION

FASHION designer Todd Snyder is synonymous with doing things his own way. A true American creative who seems to ooze confidence in everything he designs. Which we, in turn, lap up!

Now, the New York City-based mogul has teamed up with U.S. sportswear stalwart Champion to create a pretty impressive collection of casual wear and sportswear. Like everything Snyder does, not many of us saw this coming—but now that it's here, it makes total sense.

But what does it all look like? Well, first up—there are a few standout pieces in the form of bandana-print hoodies and shorts that tread the fine line between sportswear and streetwear. These garments may look good if you're heading to the gym but will look even better with a pair of box-fresh kicks for a jaunt around town.

Another notable piece is the Seersucker Harrington jacket. This reworking of a classic is the ideal windbreaker, designed with thin white and blue stripes and featuring a ribbed waistband and cuffs. It's the ultimate crossover jacket, if ever there was one.

After that, the range heads into warm-up and cooldown territory with a quality selection of tees, joggers and sweats that come with all the comfort and quality we have come to expect from Snyder.

This winter, if you're after some original sportswear that can double as cool fashion alternatives, then this new Todd Snyder x Champion collab may just be what you're looking for.

CREDIT: TODDSNYDER.COM

WATERHAUL
VISION FOR THE OCEAN

SUNGLASSES CRAFTED FROM OCEAN WASTE

FOR every depressing story about how much we're killing our oceans, there's a "light at the end of the tunnel" idea that offers a much-needed injection of positivity. Waterhaul's sunglasses being one of them!

A massive 640,000 tons of commercial fishing debris falls into our oceans each year, which has a huge effect on marine life. To completely flip this fact on its head, you could also argue that our oceans are now an incredible free resource to create recycled goods with some effort and a bit of know-how!

Based in Cornwall, on the southwest coast of England, Waterhaul is literally pulling nets from the sea and transforming them into supercool eyewear. They also make pocketknives and litter pickers out of the industrial plastic nets they gather from the Atlantic Ocean.

In terms of their designs, you can either buy sunglasses for a day at the beach, like their Zennar model, or something on the more modern, stylish side like the Crantock and Harlyn designs. You can even buy the frames, which are made from 100 percent recycled fishing nets, as a pair of readers!

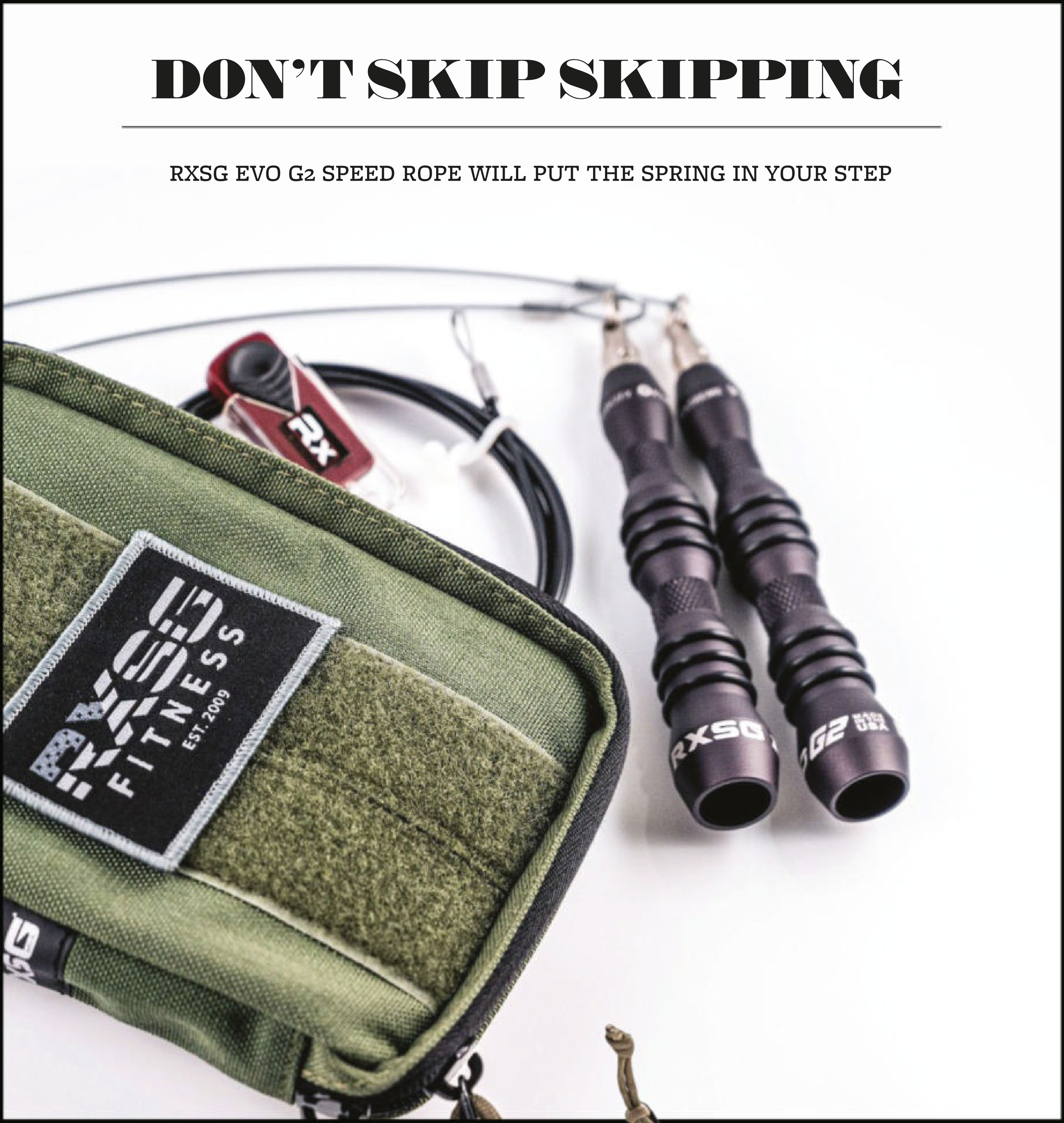
The company is definitely more in change than the dollar, even launching a net amnesty program that aims to expand their innovative ideas to other corners of the world.

It's great excuse to buy a pair of sunglasses if we ever needed one!

CREDIT: WATERHAUL

DON'T SKIP SKIPPING

RXSG EVO G2 SPEED ROPE WILL PUT THE SPRING IN YOUR STEP



THE humble skipping rope is essential for everyone from CrossFit athletes to everyday Joes. The evolution of the sports accessory has been meteoric over the past few years with fitness fanatics looking for total perfection.

A great example of this is the EVO G2 Speed Rope. With a $150 price tag, it is the Ferrari of the speed rope world. It's made for a super-fast skipping experience that'll have you banging out triples for fun.

But what makes this so different from a standard rope?

Well, it has been completely designed so you can create the perfect size for the length of your body. This means you can make tiny adjustments to get the perfect rhythm at any speed.

It also comes in six different weight options and is incredibly durable—thanks to an ultra-resistant cable cord, which is available in an impressive 23 colors. The handles have also been carved from solid pieces of aerospace-grade aluminium and come with dual-swivel bearings for a frictionless session. The cord is attached to the bearings, which means you will really have to go some to keep up with rotations.

Looks like skipping just got super serious!

CREDIT: RXSMARTGEAR.COM.AU

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BIG SHOTS

THE BOOZE MARKET IS ABUZZ WITH CELEBRITY BRANDS HOPING TO CATCH LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE

DOZENS of spirited celebs have taken the leap into the liquor market since George Clooney and Rande Gerber sold their famed Casamigos tequila to the spirits company Diageo for a reported $1 billion. Here, *Penthouse* takes a look at notable booze brands launched by some of the biggest names in showbiz and sports. So belly up to the bar, and learn more about these top-shelf celebs.

KENDALL JENNER

The 25-year-old model and star of the recently wrapped *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* named her 818 tequila after the area code of her native L.A. Judges at the World Tequila Awards say 818's reposado has "an earthy nose which hints at pecan pie, sweet potato and caramel." But booze isn't her only venture. With her makeup mogul sister, Kylie Jenner, the couture queen launched the Kendall + Kylie fashion line. She also broke into the beauty industry with the oral hygiene line Moon. And the entire Kardashian clan is gearing up for a new reality show on streaming service Hulu.

DWAYNE "THE ROCK" JOHNSON

The former wrestler turned action movie hero owns Teremana tequila with co-founders Dany Garcia, Jenna Fagnan and Ken Austin. The brand's reposado and blanco have been praised for their citrus-tinged flavor and oaky nuances, and the *Ballers* actor, 49, has frequently featured the liquor on his popular Instagram account. The savvy businessman has also partnered with apparel manufacturer Under Armour to release the Project Rock collection, which includes training shoes, hats, bags and clothes for men and women. He's also launched Athleticon, a competitive bodybuilding show in the vein of Mr. Olympia.

RITA ORA

The "Let You Love Me" songbird, 30, says she collaborated with a female master distiller on Próspero's blanco, reposado and añejo varieties with hopes to "push boundaries" in a largely male-dominated segment of the industry. Upon its 2020 release, she explained, "I do feel like this project really comes from the heart." The British performer has also branched out into acting and modeling. She's been the face of Italian sneaker brand Superga and has a designer collaboration with Adidas. She's also co-designed a capsule shoe collection with Italian footwear legend Giuseppe Zanotti.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

The 40-year-old recording artist—and star of the flick *Palmer*—brought the "SexyBack" to the alcohol market in 2013 with business partner Kevin Ruder via their award-winning 901 tequila, which has since been renamed Sauza 901. Its reposado is said to feature hints of vanilla, while the añejo boasts notes of pepper, coffee, nuts and roasted oak. The former NSYNC boy bander has sold more than 32 million albums as a solo artist. But he's also been involved in the restaurant biz and launched the William Rast clothing line with pal Juan "Trace" Ayala and the collaborative collection Fresh Leaves with Levi's.

SAMMY HAGAR & ADAM LEVINE

The "I Can't Drive 55" rocker, 73, and the Maroon 5 frontman, 42, collaborated on what they call the world's first tequila-mezcal hybrid in 2017—11 years after the former Van Halen singer founded Cabo Wabo tequila and seven years after he sold his stake in CW to the Campari Group for $11 million. Sammy has owned nightclubs in Mexico, Lake Tahoe, Fresno and Las Vegas, and in 2011, he launched Sammy's Beach Bar Rum. Adam created the First Act 222 guitar, which was built to his specs and sold in Target, and also launched his own fashion line, 222.

MICHAEL JORDAN

The 58-year-old Chicago Bulls veteran and six-time NBA champ—along with four co-founders—created Cincoro tequila, its name being a portmanteau of the Spanish words for "five" and "gold." You'll need deep pockets for its ultra-premium extra añejo, which clocks in at nearly $1,600—but other varieties come with more reasonable price tags, hovering near the $100 mark. Of course, money is no object for Jordan, who's worth a reported $1.6 billion. The retired jock is principal owner of the NBA's Charlotte Hornets and co-owner of NASCAR's 23XI Racing, which fields driver Bubba Wallace. Jordan's got numerous endorsement and business feathers in his cap, including his hugely popular Air Jordan sneakers with Nike.

CARLOS SANTANA

The legendary guitarist, 73, actually hails from Jalisco, Mexico, the famed home of tequila, giving him a greater connection to the spirit than most celebrities. Casa Noble has been produced since the 1700s, but Santana, along with business partners, bought a stake in the brand in 2011. The

CREDIT: BUSINESS WIRE

iconic axman has also used his musical knowledge and expertise to design several Gibson and PRS Guitars. In 2019, Santana launched the Carlos Santana Coffee Company, and a year later, he announced a partnership with Left Coast Ventures, a cannabis and hemp business headquartered in Santa Rosa, Calif., which saw the creation of cannabis brand Mirayo.

CREDIT: KEVIN MAZUR

AC/DC

Thunderstruck is more than one of the Australian rock bands biggest hits—it's also the name of their successful tequila line. The brand's earthy silver variety is said to feature a buttery taste with a semi-dry fade and a smooth finish, while its reposado is a robust beverage with a warm, golden hue. The tequila followed the 2012 debut of the band's Thunderstruck wine. They've also got their own Rock or Bust German premium lager, AC/DC beer and the energy drink High Voltage. But that's just the tip of the iceberg for the legendary rockers, who've also had their own branded headphones, Converse Chuck Taylors and a Monopoly board game.

TOBY KEITH

The 59-year-old country superstar's Wild Shot mezcal sets itself apart from the pack by being made with 100 percent green agave—instead of tequila's typical Blue Weber agave—and by featuring a worm in the bottle. According to Keith, "It's not there for the looks. It is there to be eaten." The singer also owns the popular Toby Keith's I Love This Bar & Grill restaurant chain, which is named after one of his hit tunes, and established the clothing line TK Steelman, among other business ventures. With an estimated net worth of $365 million, he's been dubbed the Cowboy Capitalist.

CHRIS NOTH

Sex and the City's Mr. Big is the face of Ambhar tequila, as well as the brand's creative director and majority shareholder. Noth, 66, once bragged his booze was "better," "richer and more complex" than Casamigos, but he generously added, "There's room in the market for both." The accomplished actor, who's reprising his iconic role in the *Sex and the City* HBO Max reboot, is also a big name in NYC nightlife. He's been a co-owner of The Cutting Room with Steve Walter since its founding in 1999, and with co-investors David Wells and Damon Dash, he was an owner of The Plumm, which closed in 2009.

> **"YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT MALONE IS BEHIND MAISON NO. 9 WINE, AN HOMAGE TO ROSÉ."**

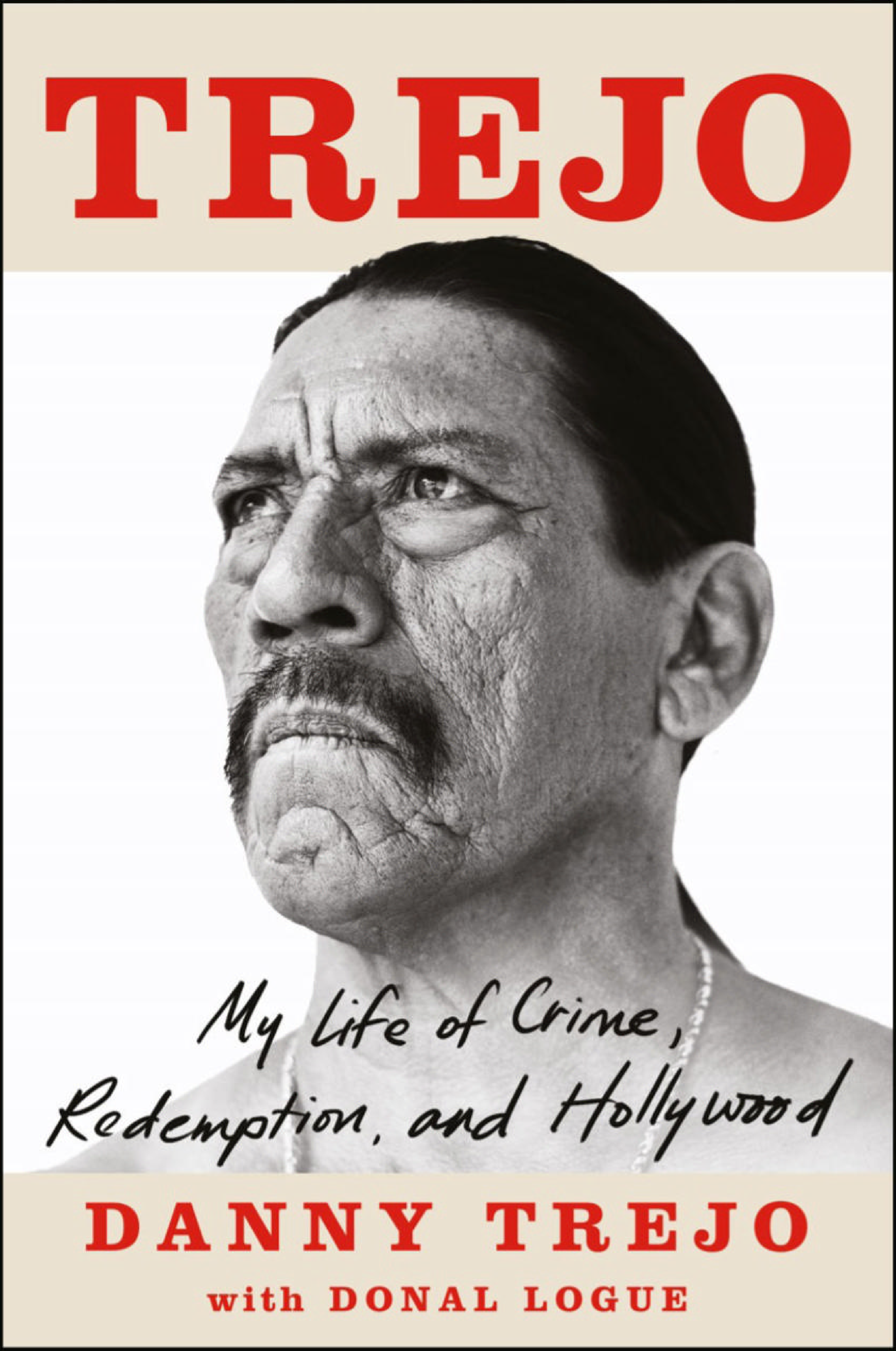
POST MALONE

This year has brought plenty of new music, including the song "Tequila Shots" from G-Eazy and Post Malone. Although the tattooed "Circles" singer doesn't have his own brand of tequila, in 2018 he was presented with a custom bottle of Avión Reserva 44—which was engraved with an image of his famous face. However, you may be surprised to learn that Malone is behind Maison No. 9 wine, an homage to rosé. The vino's name is said to be inspired by the artist's favorite tarot card—the Nine of Swords—and is priced at a very affordable $22.

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY

The Lone Star State's favorite bongo-playing son, Matthew McConaughey, joined forces with Kentucky bourbon distillery Wild Turkey to launch Longbranch. The small batch, eight-year-old bourbon boasts flavors of caramel, pear and hints of citrus with notes of pepper and toasted oak. But bourbon isn't McConaughey's only passion. The 51-year-old Oscar winner is also a minority owner in Major League Soccer's Austin FC. Calling the sport a "great uniter," the actor says he's focusing on establishing a "legacy" that utilizes Austin's culture to help the franchise's "roots grow deeper, not just wider."

Alright, alright, alright.



TREJO

My Life of Crime, Redemption, and Hollywood

DANNY TREJO

with DONAL LOGUE

ON SALE NOW

WHEELY COOL

VAL DODDS

PHOTOGRAPHER
THE EDGE IMAGE
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SASSY beauty Val Dodds jumped into adult entertainment with both feet. The Nebraska native made headlines in 2013 when she was busted for posing in the buff on the football field of her old high school—and served 30 days in jail for indecent exposure!

The blonde beauty has come a long way since then. She keeps a busy schedule modeling, feature dancing and shooting movies—and now she's gracing the pages of *Penthouse*!

But the leggy lovely hasn't lost her thirst for adventure and says her most remarkable sexual experience happened in a department store dressing room, and the 27-year-old stunner admits, "I'm up for anything public!"

With a mischievous twinkle in her hazel eyes, a mega-watt smile and a banging body, it's easy to see why Val has such a devoted following.

FAST FACTS

- Her dream job: Herpetologist. "When I lived in Vegas I fell in love with how many different reptiles are out there!"
- The celebrity she most admires: Shakira. "She's so talented! Singing, dancing, skateboarding! She can do everything!"
- Her pet peeve: "When things aren't clean. I'm kind of a clean freak."
- Her celebrity sex fantasy: Elvis Presley
- The most orgasms she's had in a day: Eight

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VA HEALTH CARE HAS A SPOTTY REPUTATION IN 21ST CENTURY AMERICA, BUT IT'S STILL A UNIQUE AND POWERFUL FORCE FOR MILITARY VETERANS. OUR EMBRACE THE SUCK COLUMNIST MATT GALLAGHER EXAMINES HIS OWN EXPERIENCES WITH THE VA OVER THE YEARS.

* * *

FOR the last decade or so, a few times a year I've hopped on the R train and headed south, south, south. Past the hipster villages of North Brooklyn, past big, sprawling Prospect Park and Green-Wood Cemetery, even past the Little Hong Kong that's built up in recent times. My destination's been off the very last stop, 95th Street, in the neighborhood of Bay Ridge, a part of Brooklyn that's not a tourist destination or a human zoo. It's a conservative enclave in deep-blue New York, featuring a smattering of pizza parlors and Irish pubs nestled around residential streets, and it's where the Brooklyn VA Medical Center resides.

When I first came home from Iraq, I told my family the VA wasn't for me. It was for veterans who needed it. My mom nodded and smiled, then ordered me into the car to drive down to the local facility to enroll. It was a humbling moment for a young man fresh from combat and rather full of himself, but, well, she's my mama, so I did it. I'd earned those benefits, was her reasoning, and she'd seen too many friends of hers come home from Vietnam and wait on utilizing specialized care that understood the unique circumstances of postwar life. And as any veterans advocate will tell you, helping treat vets early, instead of late, changes so much.

So I've made the trip to Bay Ridge for regular physicals, mental health counseling and flu shots. I went in 2016 when I was so stressed out about my first novel coming out that I somehow got shingles at the ripe old age of 33. This goes against the public narrative, I know, but I've always found the care there very good and professional. Maybe it's exposure, but even the gruff New Yorkers working as operators have grown on me over the years.

IT: SCUKRO

“THE VIEW OF THE VERRAZZANO-NARROWS BRIDGE ON THE WALK FROM THE SUBWAY EXIT TO THE VA IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES, ESPECIALLY ON A CLEAR DAY. THIS TRIP HAS SEEN ME THROUGH A LOT OF LIFE CHANGES: BOOKS, MARRIAGE, DOGS, TWO SONS AND FIVE APARTMENTS. THE VA’S BEEN A CONSISTENCY FOR ME THROUGH ALL THAT.”

Like many VA facilities in the Northeast and urban areas, the Brooklyn VA Medical Center is excellent. It regularly scores five out of five stars on the internal—and publicly disclosed—VA ratings system. Attracting health care talent to the area isn’t the issue it can be elsewhere in the country. And while the system can have its moments—most recently dealing with a surge of COVID-19 patients in that dark spring of 2020—having nearby facilities in Manhattan, the Bronx and Long Island keeps the Brooklyn facility from demand overflow, despite Vietnam-era veterans reaching retirement age and the endless drip-drip-drip of Global War on Terror veterans arriving for 20 years now.

I saw a vet there recently, who was younger than me. It was a shock. He looked like a damn kid.

My family and I recently made the decision to move, so we’re leaving Brooklyn. Maybe only for a couple years, maybe forever. Life’s hard to predict, as we all know. Still, when I made my last trip to the Brooklyn VA for the COVID vaccine, I was well aware it may’ve been my final trip there. Not to be sentimental or anything, but I’ve always found the subway journey there enjoyable. I read, people-watch, see different parts of NYC in all its disparate, mosaic glory. The view of the Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge on the walk from the subway exit to the VA is one of my favorites, especially on a clear day. This trip has seen me through a lot of life changes: books, marriage, dogs, two sons and five apartments. The VA’s been a consistency for me through all that.

Anyhow. Sometimes my civilian friends ask what a VA is like, and while I usually I respond with “you know, it’s a medical place, just with cranky vets,” I’m not sure that’s all that descriptive. It’s a weird, little ecosystem, with rules and mores all its own. Someone like me, who only goes a few times a year, is but a traveler. As the old men who hang out by the bus stop out front will tell you without prompting, they’re there damn near every day, getting what they’re owed.

There’s a metal detector at the front and federal police types who have heard it all. Show ’em your VA ID, and you’re in. The info desk in the main lobby has the answers for which you seek; the VA is a government facility, after all, which means everything is a maze. When I need to visit a specialist or a shrink, I hang a left for the elevators, which lay past the ER, but on the day of my most recent visit, the COVID vaccines are set up in the first-floor pod. It’s all straightforward and efficient enough; the nurse confirms I am me, and then I’m in with the doc who administers the shot.

The real fun happens in the waiting room, where I sit with 30 other veterans to see whether or not the vaccine is gonna turn us into robot soldiers for Bill Gates. There are a lot of wisecracks, and an older vet wonders how the vaccine isn’t mandatory for active-duty servicemembers.

“They never asked when we was in. They just stuck us up,” he says, earning nods of agreement from around the waiting room.

A nurse tells another of the older veterans his 15 minutes have passed, and that as long as he isn’t feeling any dizziness, he’s free to go.

“Go where?” the man asks, in that deadpan way of an old soldier. “My ride ain’t here for two more hours!”

Something about the man’s delivery and his acceptance of his circumstances brought the house down. Everyone began laughing, not at the man but with him. Even the nurse cracked a small grin, eventually.

Getting home always takes longer than it should, I suppose.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel Empire City.

CREDIT: DOUGLAS RISSING

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SEX & SATIRE IN THE SOVIET

EXPLORING THE FINE LINES OF ALEXANDR GRIGOREV

ALEXANDR Grigorev is a Russian artist, architect and designer creating metamodern expressionist fine art illustrations and paintings with a postmodern pulse-raising erotic edge. *Penthouse* spoke with Grigorev about the Soviet-era magazine that inspired his style, how social media hinders artists and the power of provocative art.

Would you say that growing up in Russia has had an effect on your art?
Probably yes. All traditional Russian art is focused on social topics, such as human rights, relationships with God and the tragedy of human existence. It becomes your background and defines what art is, in general. My personal practice is a mix of Asian contemplative meditation and Soviet satiric.

What inspires your work?
I'm inspired by images, mainly. It's like an itch. I will see a pose, face or color in a photo, on Instagram or in real life, and from that moment, it lives with me, forcing me to relocate it to paper.

How did you develop your style?
It came by itself with practice. Like other artists, I tried to copy some masters, or more accurately, emulate some elements of their style. I was never happy with the results, so I mixed in illustration, anime and Soviet caricature, and it became better. I started learning academic drawing and painting in high school, which I think has helped me a lot.

What equipment do you use to create your pieces?
I don't do sketches in the traditional way because I don't define sketch and final image as separate stages of the process. From my point of view, sketches are always much more expressive and powerful. I do quite a lot of drawings on my iPad, and then use them as elements in collages. Then I print them out and redraw them on a canvas.

How did you first get into art?
I drew a lot as a child. I was probably a great kid for my parents, because I was happy to pick up a pencil and spend 10 to 12 hours silently drawing. My parents tried to find a course or a tutor for me, but it never worked because I had an internal understanding of what I wanted to do, and the process of studying wasn't interesting to me.

I was involved in the graffiti movement but lost interest quickly because most of the art just revolves around typical lettering, which I still find really strange.

Is art a full-time gig for you?
Partly. In addition to fine art, I also started doing sculptures and collectible design, which I also define as art. Besides that, I run a graphic design studio.

Who or what are your biggest artistic influences?
My grandfather had a huge collection of Soviet humor magazines called *Krokodil*, which means crocodile in Russian. During my early years, I loved to spend hours looking at the images on their pages. Of course, I didn't understand the jokes, especially during the period where I couldn't even read. But the drawing style, colors and compositions affected me a lot. A lot of people to this day say that they recognize this influence in my art.

What draws you to creating erotic illustrations?
I like the power of sexual images. They catch a person's attention, and I love that people find they can't control their own reaction to them, whether they love them or hate them.

Additionally, it's interesting to play with the viewer. To provoke the viewer, to shock and to sometimes disturb them. With that being said, I never show sexual scenes. They should happen in a person's imagination.

You also create jewelery. Tell us about that.
Let's say there are two branches to my art practice. Figurative—which includes fine art and fashion, that is clothing with my art prints—and abstraction, which encompasses sculpture, architecture, jewelry and collectible design. I see the jewelry I design as small-scale, wearable sculptures.

What other types of jobs did you have before art?
I've only had one other job in my life. I was an architect in an architectural studio, but I was focused on the creative aspect of design, so it was really close to art, actually.

What advice would you give to someone wanting to pursue art as a career?
From my point of view, if you are an artist you don't really have a choice to pursue art or not. It's in your nature, and it's happening automatically, like breathing or your heart beating. You can't control it. I'd rather say that art makes you, instead of you making art.

The only advice I can give is listen to yourself above listening to others. These days we spend a lot of time wrapped up in social media, watching what other people do. Doing this switches you from creator to recipient mode, and you can't do anything artistic in this role.

Tell us something interesting about you. Something we might not expect.
I'm a practicing Buddhist. In fact, on a deeper level my artworks are a visual meditation.

Do you have any career goals?
To become one of world's top artists, like Takashi Murakami or KAWS. And all that follows being in *Penthouse*.

What are you working on right now?
I'm trying to make animation as I feel it could give another dimension to my art.

Have you ever had a muse?
Considering the erotic context of my art, you probably you know the answer, but a gentleman can't discuss it.

WEBSITE: **Grigorev.com**
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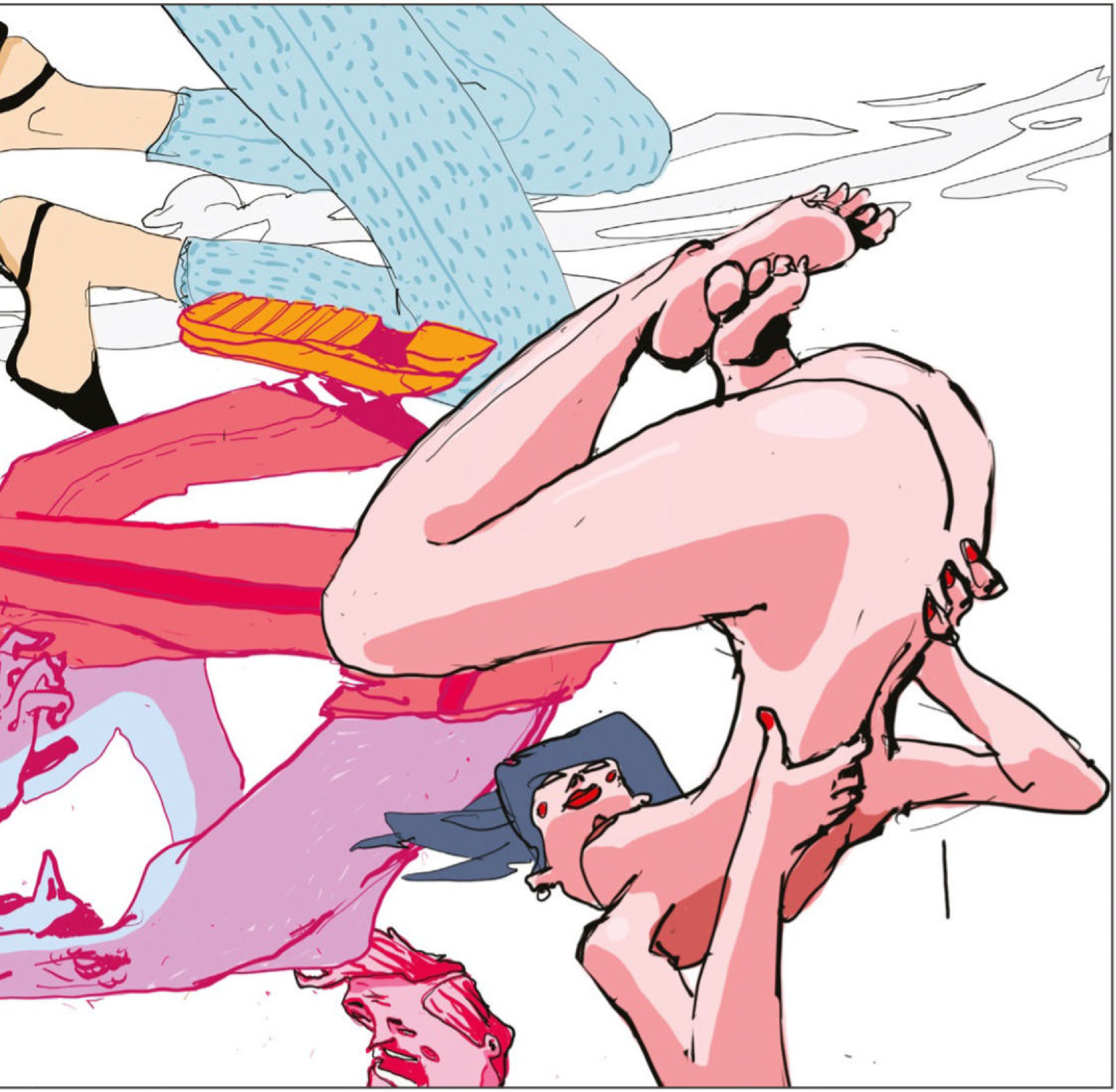

SEPTEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

CAROLINA ON MY MIND

CAROLINA WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

Carolina
White
XOXO

CAROLINA WHITE

ELEGANT Carolina White worked as a fashion model and mainstream actress for nearly a decade before bringing her considerable charms to the cam world—and the pages of *Penthouse* as September's Pet! She admits being a camgirl is a completely different experience than anything else she's ever done, but she gushes, "I love it!" The sophisticated stunner can easily make herself at home on a designer catwalk, but she's also a woman of simple tastes. She says her ideal date doesn't have to be someplace fancy and explains, "I love a fun patio vibe or brewery—somewhere you can talk and relax." The Georgia-born brunette also has a heart of gold and tells *Penthouse* she spends her spare time working with local animal shelters and nonprofit rescues. Saddle up, and read on to learn more about Carolina.

Describe your ideal man.
He's confident but doesn't take himself too seriously. He's also driven and kind. Physically, I usually find myself attracted to guys with classic, all-American looks. But without a doubt, chemistry is a must.

What are your biggest turn-ons and turn-offs?
My biggest turn-ons are confidence and eye contact. My biggest turn-offs are insecurity, aggressive and possessive behavior—and bad breath.

How do your psych yourself up to be photographed in the nude?
I clear my mind and hype myself up by thinking of someone or something that really turns me on.

What's your favorite type of vacation spot?
I love visiting the mountains in the fall, staying in a cozy cabin in the woods and visiting wineries.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I went scuba diving, around 100 feet deep, all while having an intense fear of deep dark water and sharks!

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“I’M A REAL GO-GETTER!”

—CAROLINA

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THE COMIC STRIP THAT STRIPS

ANDREW TARUSOV'S *SWINGING ISLAND* PROVES THAT LIKE A PATCH OF SAND OR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, SEXUAL PLEASURE IS BEST WHEN SHARED.

BY AMIE WEE

ANDREW Tarusov is a Russian-born artist and animator renowned for his bright and bold erotic pinup illustrations and animation. With the help of his Patreon following, Tarusov undertook the ambitious mission of creating *Swinging Island*, his debut erotic graphic novel about open relationships and the swinging lifestyle, which was inspired by his own fantasies and adventures.

What triggered the creation of *Swinging Island*?
It started when I lived in Los Angeles, and I realized I had to retain patrons on my Patreon page somehow. That's how I came up with the idea of comics. First, I thought maybe I should do a soft erotic graphic novel. But then I decided to go full frontal, and I liked it more. You can't post porn on Patreon if it's real people, but you can draw it!

Has growing up in Russia had any effect on your art?
The middle of Russia is very gray and sad, so I would say it's had the opposite effect! I've always tried to draw more colorful and happier pictures and stories than you see in real life.

Is *Swinging Island* your first foray into creating comics?
Yes. I had never created a comic before but have always loved them. I studied filmmaking and animation, and it helped because comics are basically a storyboard. But it's a huge work, and I had to invite a lot of people to help me finish it, including an English-speaking editor, colorer, book editor and a print house. A lot of people helped me finish it.

Are you trained in art?
Oh yes, I spent a lot of time studying. First, I finished art school, graduated from an arts college where I studied oil painting, and then I spent six years in the Film University in Moscow studying computer graphics and animation.

Where did your inspiration for *Swinging Island* come from?
Basically, the main character is me—a shy and not very confident young man. All of the other characters are bolder and braver. The story takes place on a nudist beach, and I'm a huge fan of naked swimming. So, I just put my fantasies in the book. What would it be like to go to the beach with my girlfriend and to meet another more open-minded couple there? It was important to me to make a realistic story where people have failures and misunderstandings. It's not like usual porn as I don't draw sex scenes only to show sex. Also, I take a lot of character features from my real-life experiences.

What was your process for putting together *Swinging Island*?
I just drew it page by page, from start to finish. Sometimes I had to pause it because I didn't know what I should do next. I even re-drew some pages from the beginning because I decided to start it differently. But now I don't make mistakes like that. I plan everything, and I have a very exact outline in my mind and on the paper.

What equipment do you use for your illustrations?
I use an iPad and Procreate 90 percent of the time. Sometimes I finish my drawings in Photoshop, and I use After Effects for animation. I also love traditional art, and I paint watercolors and oil for myself when I have a chance.

What draws you to creating erotic comics?
I always loved eroticism in all aspects. Movies, photos and drawings. I just can't resist it. When I started to draw erotic comics and paintings, I felt happiness. I felt that this is it, and I decided to stay on that path.

Have you ever had a muse?
I always have a muse. I love women, and they love me.

How has *Swinging Island* been received by its readers?
People love it so much! I didn't expect that, but it looks like people love it more than everything else I do. I have more than 650 permanent readers [on Patreon], and when people join, they stay! I feel like it's my mission to make cool sex-positive comics.

> **"I FEEL LIKE IT'S MY MISSION TO MAKE COOL SEX-POSITIVE COMICS."**

Do you have plans for a *Swinging Island* sequel?
Definitely. I'm doing a sequel on my Patreon, and it's not even close to the middle. It will be bigger, hotter and longer. Also, the second part takes place in the clothes-optional hotel. I've been to such places, and it's always great fun.

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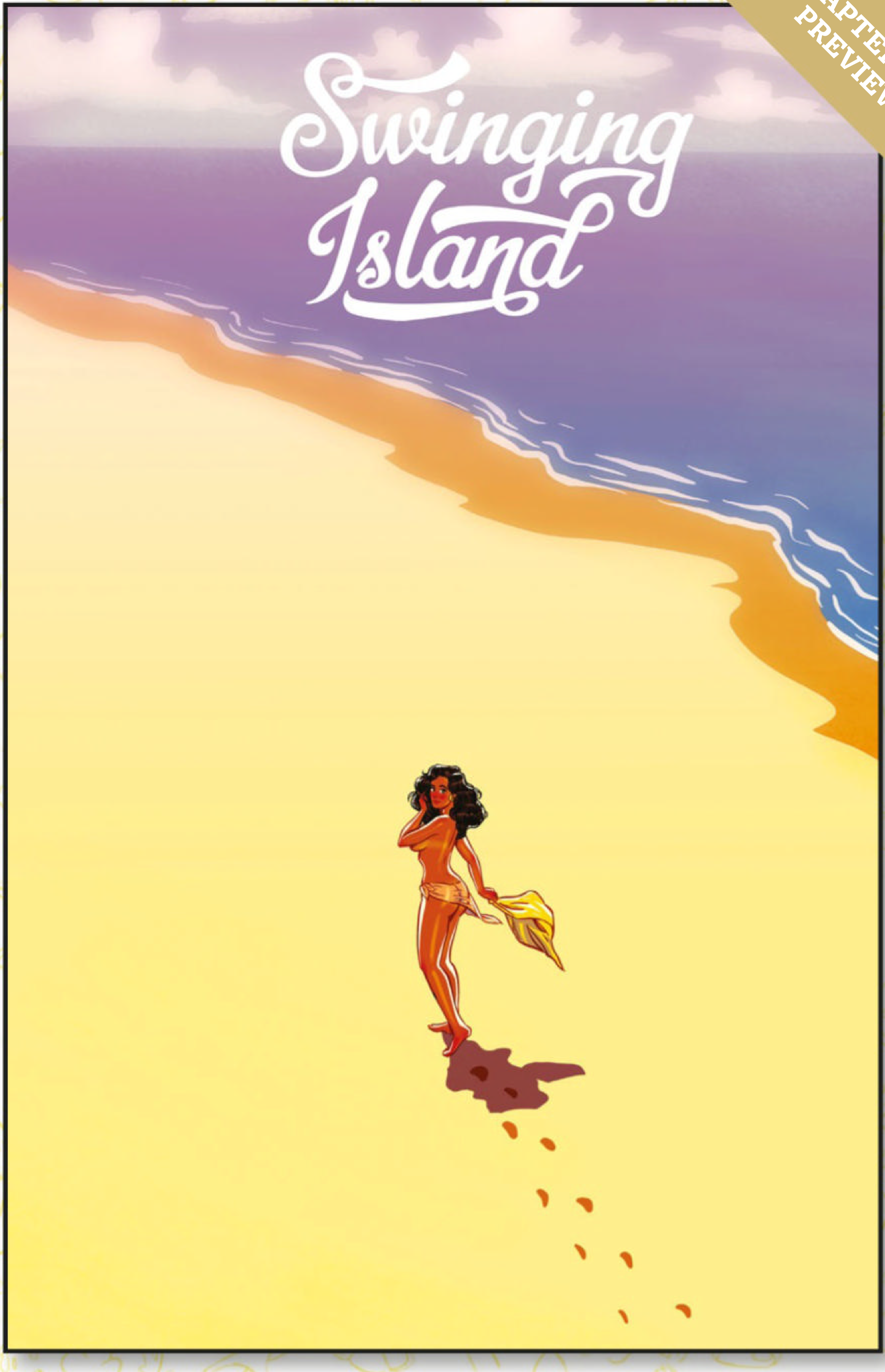
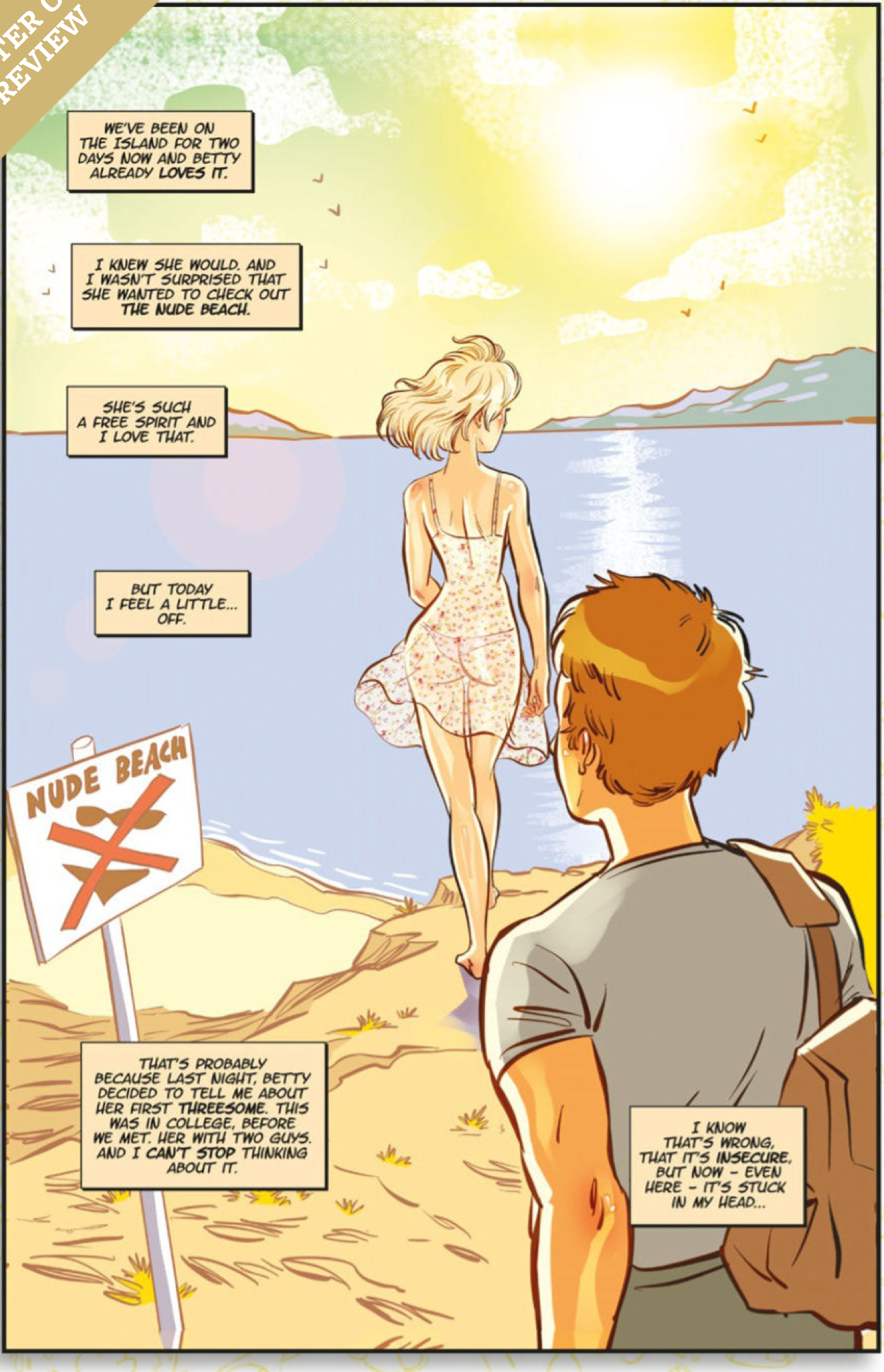
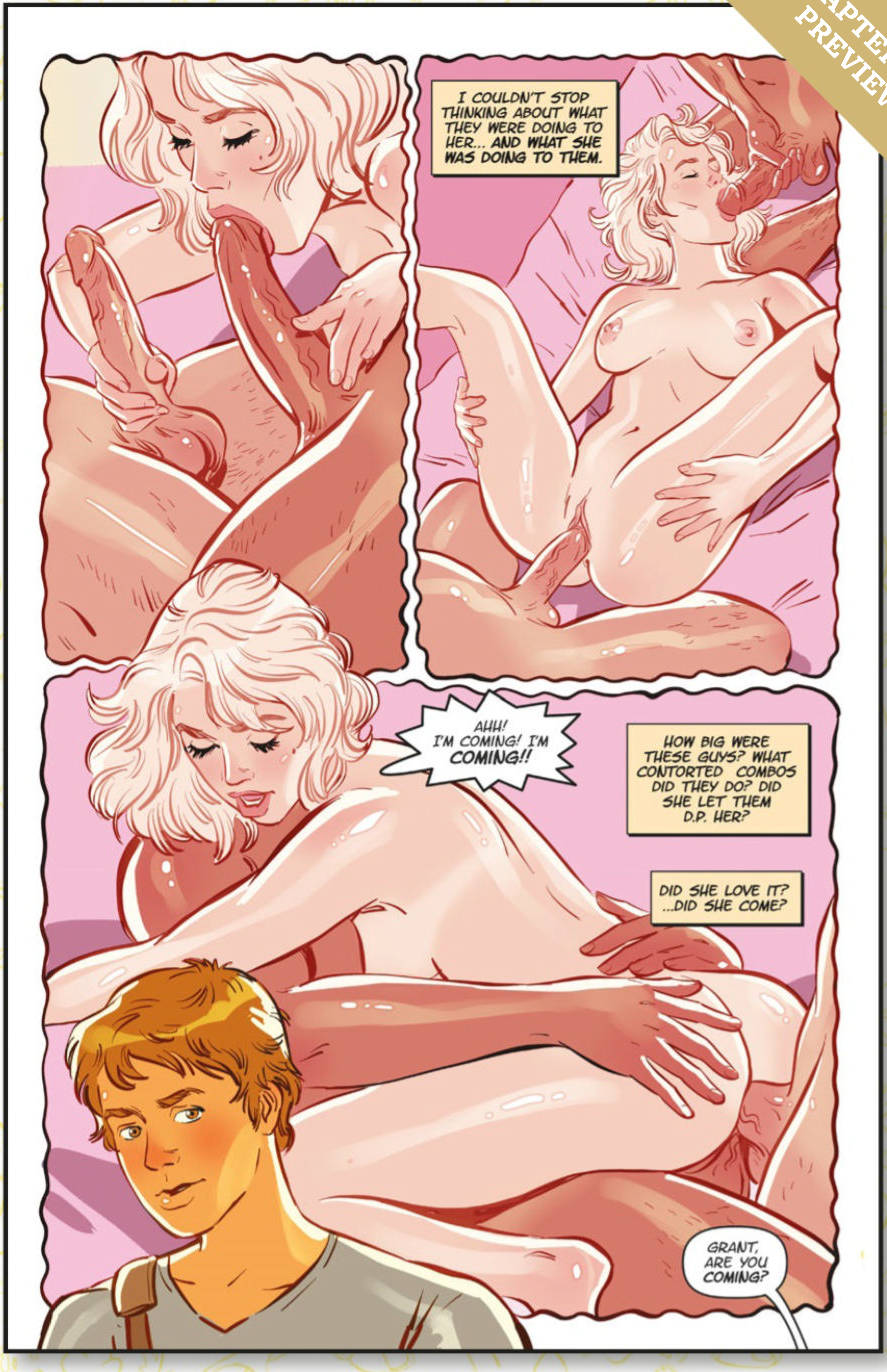
CREDIT: OKSANA VAINER

CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW

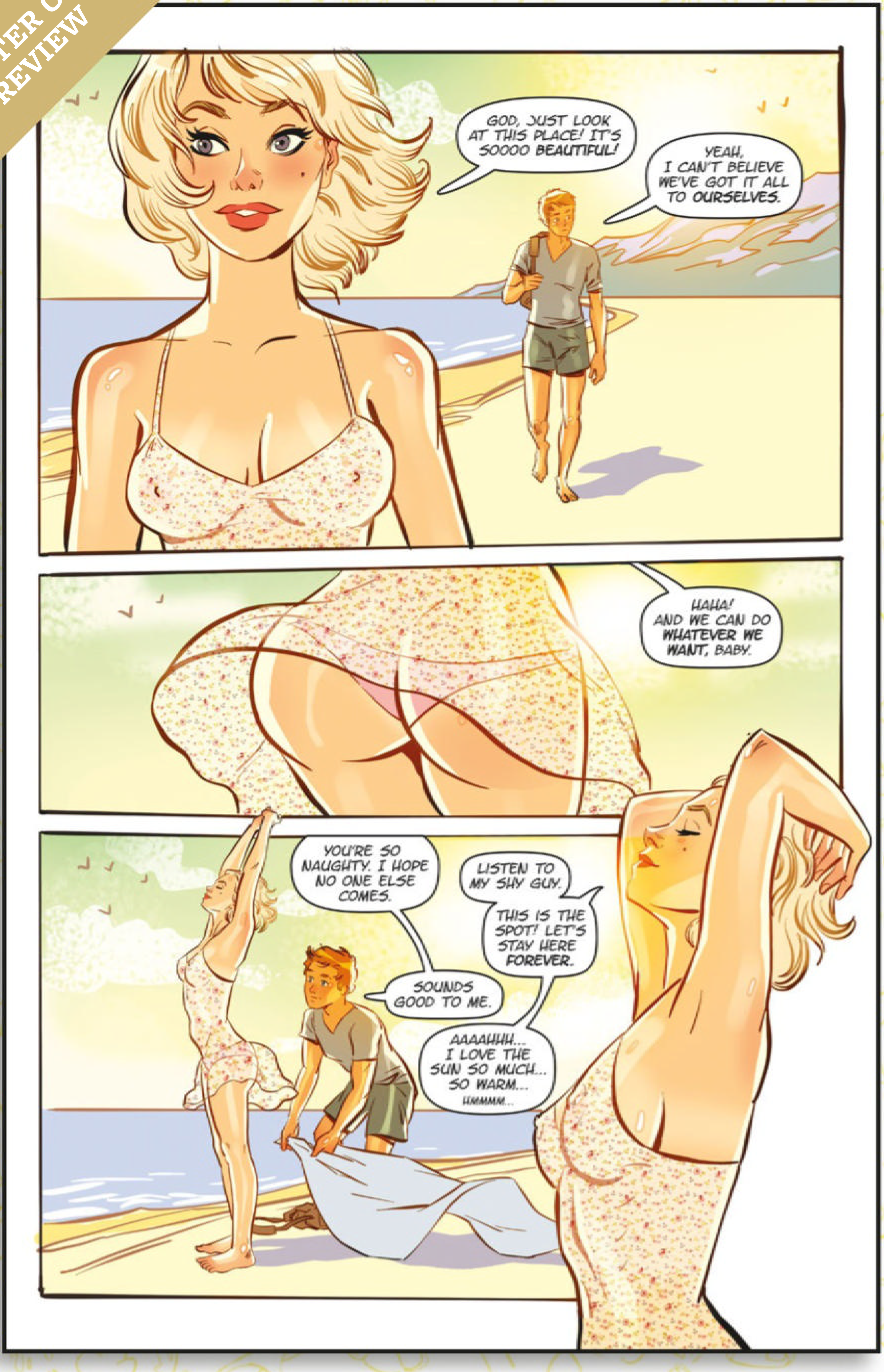

Swinging Island

CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW

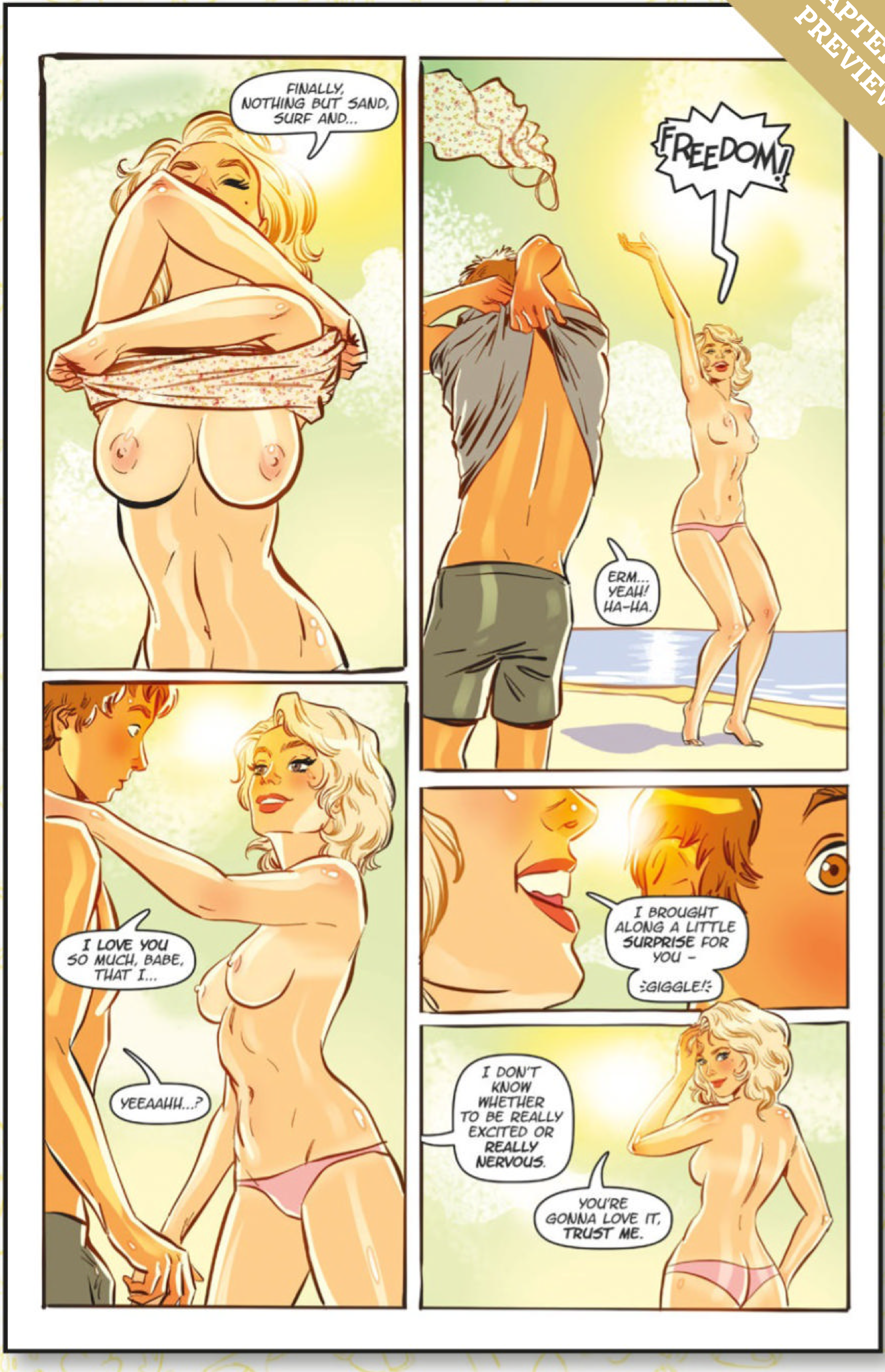

WE'VE BEEN ON THE ISLAND FOR TWO DAYS NOW AND BETTY ALREADY LOVES IT.
I KNEW SHE WOULD. AND I WASN'T SURPRISED THAT SHE WANTED TO CHECK OUT THE NUDE BEACH.
SHE'S SUCH A FREE SPIRIT AND I LOVE THAT.
BUT TODAY I FEEL A LITTLE... OFF.
NUDE BEACH
THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE LAST NIGHT, BETTY DECIDED TO TELL ME ABOUT HER FIRST THREESOME. THIS WAS IN COLLEGE, BEFORE WE MET. HER WITH TWO GUYS. AND I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.
I KNOW THAT'S WRONG, THAT IT'S INSECURE, BUT NOW - EVEN HERE - IT'S STUCK IN MY HEAD...


I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING TO HER... AND WHAT SHE WAS DOING TO THEM.
AHH! I'M COMING! I'M COMING!!
HOW BIG WERE THESE GUYS? WHAT CONTORTED COMBOS DID THEY DO? DID SHE LET THEM D.P. HER?
DID SHE LOVE IT? ...DID SHE COME?
GRANT, ARE YOU COMING?

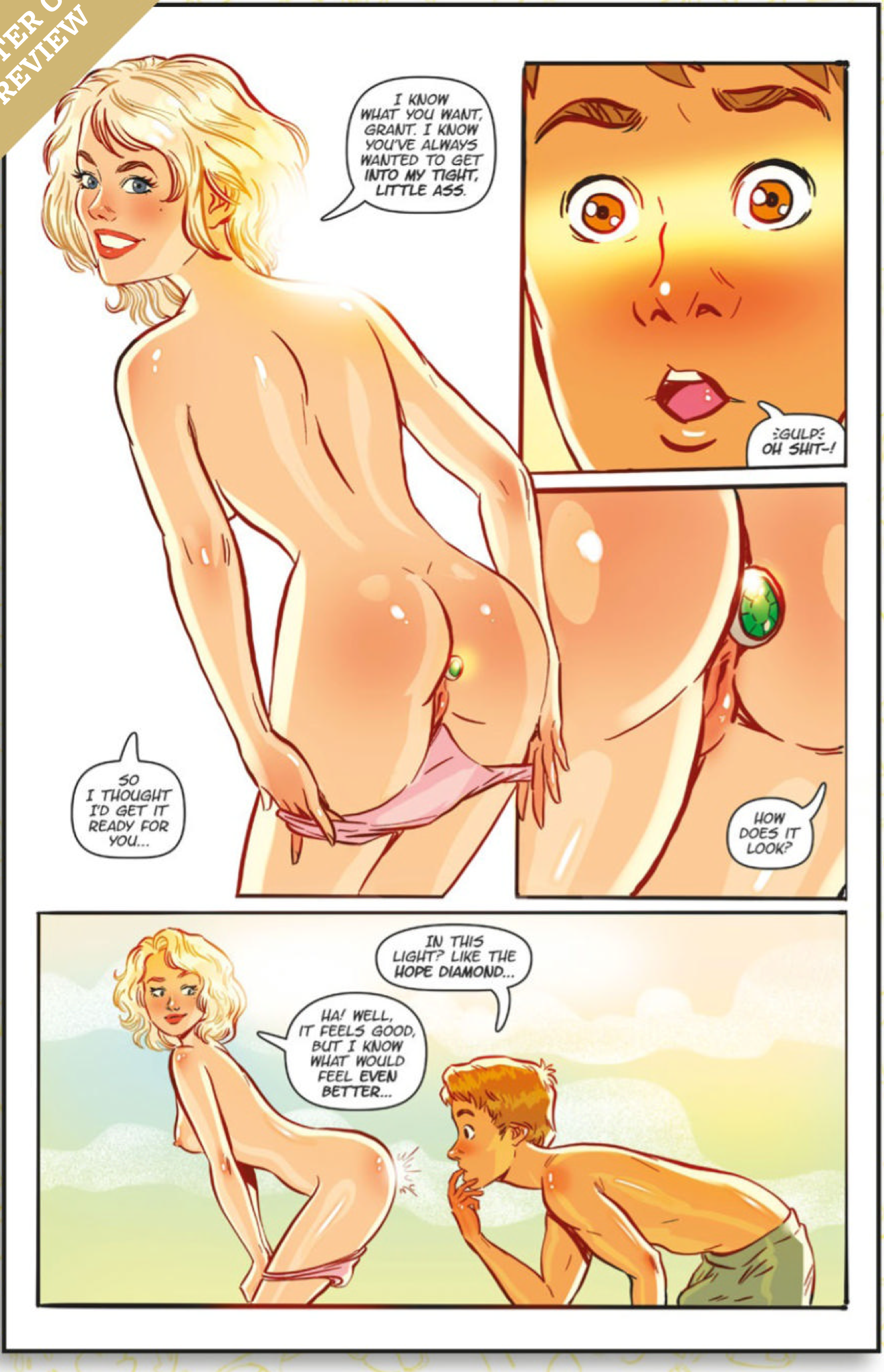
CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW


GOD, JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE! IT'S SOOOO BEAUTIFUL!
YEAH, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'VE GOT IT ALL TO OURSELVES.
HAHA! AND WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT, BABY.
YOU'RE SO NAUGHTY. I HOPE NO ONE ELSE COMES.
LISTEN TO MY SHY GUY.
THIS IS THE SPOT! LET'S STAY HERE FOREVER.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.
AAAAHHH... I LOVE THE SUN SO MUCH... SO WARM... HMMMM...

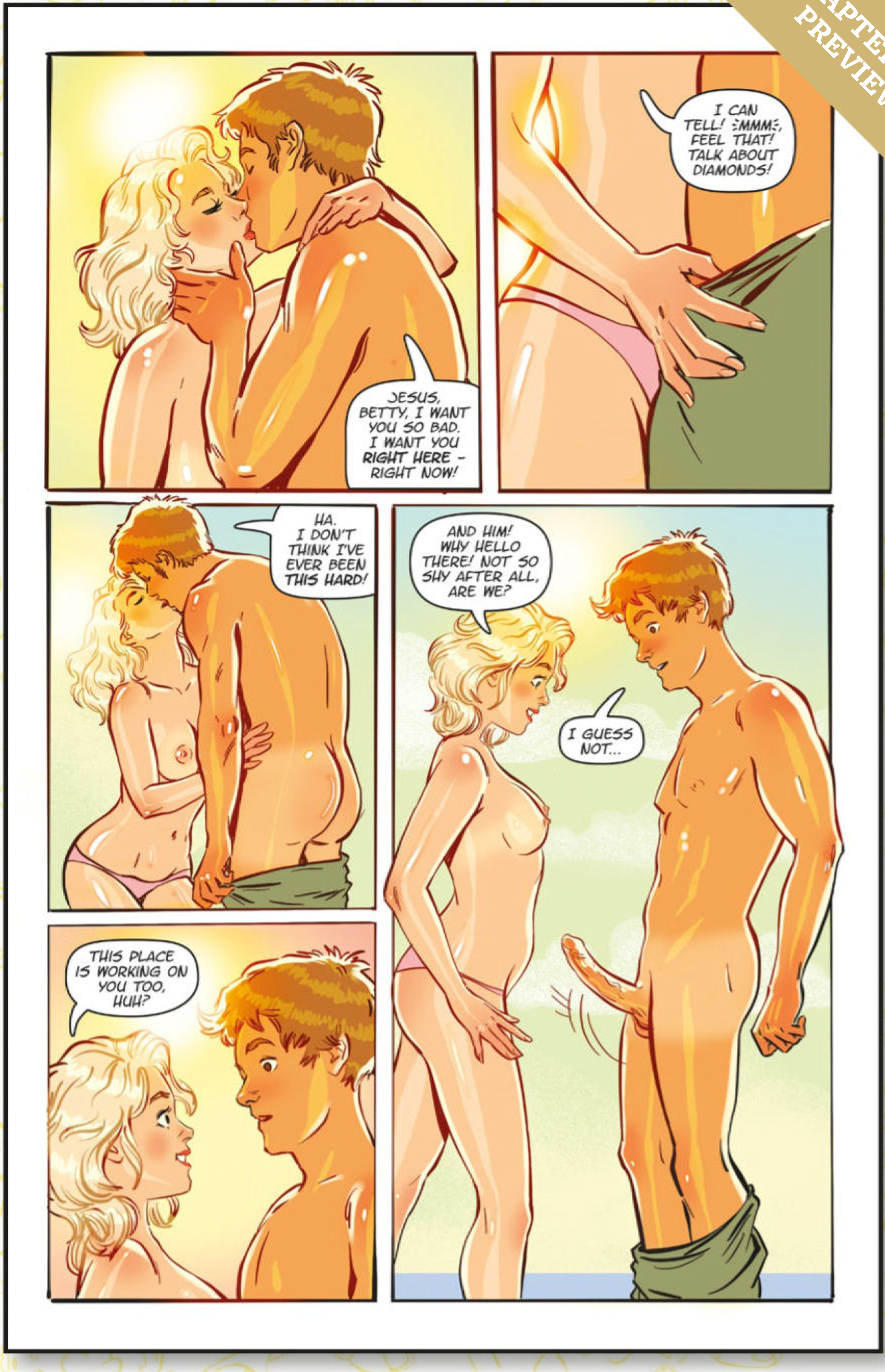
CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW


FINALLY, NOTHING BUT SAND, SURF AND...
FREEDOM!
ERM... YEAH! HA-HA.
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, BABE, THAT I...
YEEAAHH...?
I BROUGHT ALONG A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU –
:GIGGLE!:
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE REALLY EXCITED OR REALLY NERVOUS.
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT, TRUST ME.

CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW


I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, GRANT. I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET INTO MY TIGHT, LITTLE ASS.
:GULP: OH SHIT-!
SO I THOUGHT I'D GET IT READY FOR YOU...
HOW DOES IT LOOK?
IN THIS LIGHT? LIKE THE HOPE DIAMOND...
HA! WELL, IT FEELS GOOD, BUT I KNOW WHAT WOULD FEEL EVEN BETTER...

CHAPTER ONE PREVIEW


JESUS, BETTY, I WANT YOU SO BAD. I WANT YOU RIGHT HERE – RIGHT NOW!
I CAN TELL! MMMM, FEEL THAT! TALK ABOUT DIAMONDS!
HA. I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN THIS HARD!
THIS PLACE IS WORKING ON YOU TOO, HUH?
AND HIM! WHY HELLO THERE! NOT SO SHY AFTER ALL, ARE WE?
I GUESS NOT...

TO BE CONTINUED...

OCTOBER PET OF THE MONTH

WHITE HOT

ANGELA WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHER
HANK

BUSTY beauty Angela White is an intriguing mix of smoldering sensuality, inquisitive intelligence and elegant eroticism—and now she's October's Penthouse Pet! The blue-eyed Australian lovely hails from Down Under but currently calls L.A. home. The adventurous Pisces tells *Penthouse* she entered the adult industry shortly after turning 18 because it was "the first place I saw women celebrated for their sexuality."

Angela is not only a stellar performer—she's also a director of adult films and even earned a degree in gender studies from the University of Melbourne. She says of her successful career, "I love being able to express and explore my sexuality on my own terms."

Read on to learn more about this iconic entertainer.

ANGELA WHITE

What do you like to do in your spare time?
I love swimming. I grew up on the beach, and I love being in the ocean. I never feel more at peace than when I am surrounded by water or embraced in a lover's arms. I love being in nature, hiking, paddle boarding, kayaking—basically anything outdoors that's adventurous.

Could you ever be faithful to one partner?
I don't demonstrate my loyalty through sexual exclusivity. I demonstrate my loyalty through being there for someone when it really counts.

What are your favorite sex positions?
I love any position where I can look deeply into my lover's eyes. For that reason, missionary and cowgirl are my go-to faves.

What do you consider romantic?
I'm extremely romantic but not in a traditional roses, chocolate and monogamy kind of way. I'm very loving, sensual, empathetic and sentimental. I love to cuddle and connect deeply with someone, but I'm very cynical about "romance" as it is represented in consumer culture.

What are your pet peeves?
I try not to let anything get under my skin. Life is too short to sweat the small stuff. But I must admit I hate when my socks get wet.

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Angela
White
XOXO

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THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

JOYRIDERS

The good-looking, young salesman was hanging on my every word, and I finally said to him, "Tell me, did you ever sell one of these sports cars to a woman?"

I'd walked onto the dealership's lot purely on a whim. Or maybe it was some deeper, truly buried impulse. Since turning 40 a week earlier, I had been feeling off. Like I wasn't myself. Or wasn't somehow being allowed to be myself.

The salesman hemmed and hawed. I enjoyed seeing him so flustered.

"Well, I don't think, that is—" He stopped his verbal fumbling and looked me straight in the eye. "Honestly, I've barely sold anyone anything on this lot. I started here four days ago."

I appreciated his wide-eyed frankness. Something about his look also triggered some seriously dirty thoughts in my head, but I managed to compose myself.

Before long, we'd gathered near a slick-looking vehicle that made me think of a sleek jungle cat ready to pounce. It also reminded me of a car I'd owned in my early 20s, when I was a hell-raising jezebel having the time of my life. Of course, that car had been a heap. This thing had a seductive red paint job with gleaming chrome. She was a real beauty.

"I like your honestly," I told the salesman. "My name's Leslie."

He nodded toward his name tag and said, "Garrett."

"Let me rephrase my original question." I'd warmed to Garrett's boyish charm almost instantly. "Have you ever seen a woman buy a car like this?"

A wry look came into his eyes.

"Let me put it this way," he said. "We call autos like this one a midlife crisis mobile."

I burst out laughing. I could picture it: middle-aged men coming to the dealership, eager to recapture something of their youth and thinking a fast car would do that for them.

Then again, just what the hell was I doing there looking at the exact same type of vehicle?

Garrett added, "I don't put down that kind of thinking, mind you. A car is, well, an expression of oneself. If some heavy horsepower increases your self-esteem, why not indulge yourself? You're never too old or too young for that."

I absorbed his words and replied, "You, my dear Garrett, are a hell of a salesman."

"That's not a spiel. I really mean it."

"I can tell. That's why it's effective. I think it's test-drive time."

He brightened, like this was a happy, unexpected development, and quickly said, "I'll arrange that for you."

"I'd like you to come with me," I told him, flashing a flirtatious smile and turning up the heat. He was in his mid-20s, nicely framed, with strong shoulders and a fetching face. I didn't even try to quell my body's response to him. Too often in the past few years I'd written off handsome men because they were so much younger than me.

But that behavior ended that day.

I had kept myself in scrupulous physical shape, determined not to let my body take on the ennui of years that my heart was starting to feel. But it was time to let loose, and Garrett seemed to be the perfect specimen to help me in that regard.

A few minutes later, my hunky salesman was buckled into the passenger seat, and I was driving us off the lot. I swung into traffic and headed for the freeway.

The car handled like a dream. I felt the powerful purr of the engine vibrating throughout my body like an electrical tingle. My nerve endings crackled with unrestrained excitement. When we reached the freeway, I opened it up some.

The surge of speed took my breath away. Memories came crashing over me of racing around in my old heap. But this ride was way better. Back then I hadn't appreciated the glory of the experience. Like so much in one's younger years, events just slipped by, even the really good times.

I savored the moment. The mechanical thrust of the car possessed my very spirit. It reinvigorated every muscle. I grinned behind the wheel, pushing the vehicle still harder.

Garrett delicately said, "You look like you're enjoying yourself. But remember the speed limit."

He was right, of course. I eased up on the gas, but I felt I already knew the car, like I was wired to it. I hadn't woken up that morning thinking I wanted to buy a new vehicle. But there I was behind the wheel. I could afford it, and Garrett had a point. Why not indulge myself some?

I took an off-ramp, figuring I'd swing around and head back to the dealership. The curve turned out to be sharper than I'd thought, and Garrett lurched against his seat belt. His free hand reached out to brace himself but landed on my thigh.

Seeming mortified, he snatched it back immediately and said, "Leslie, I'm so sorry!"

Grinning, I said, "Don't be."

Suddenly, a new impulse overtook me. I turned away from the freeway, heading outside the city limits, where there were long stretches of woods and grasslands. Plenty of places where we wouldn't be interrupted.

My thigh tingled where he'd touched me. I drove down an empty lane and pulled off under some trees. It looked like nobody had been down that road in years. I cut the ignition, reached over and groped Garrett's thigh—for the same amount of time he'd had contact with mine. I felt the firmness of his toned muscles.

"There," I said, purring at him sweetly. "Now I think we are even."

Cooling metal ticked under the hood, and birds chirped in the trees. In that heart-pounding moment, we both seemed breathless. Excitement was written all over Garrett's boyish face.

At the same instant, we threw ourselves at each other and our mouths came together urgently. I met his tongue with my own. The gear shift dug into my thigh, but I ignored it. I yanked off his tie and started on the buttons of his shirt.

Garrett pulled my blouse off over my head. With a deft snap, my bra was loose. His strong hands kneaded my full breasts, sending thrills through me and making my nipples stiffen. My palms roamed his hard pecs.

Our tongues continued to tangle madly. I felt his vitality pouring off him like a visible energy. He was a stud in his prime. How long had it been since I'd been with a man his age? Too long.

But age seemed suddenly irrelevant, a random number thrown into the mixture of our identities. We were simply two horny people, eager for each other, the sexual need a veritable frenzy inside that sleek car.

I broke our kiss, and Garrett let out a needy groan. Glancing behind us, I saw the backseat was a cramped little compartment, so I threw open the driver's side door.

I stepped out into the air and peeled off my skirt and panties. Garrett came out the other door, swiftly wrestling off his work slacks. His cock sprang out, hard and beautiful. We raced around, meeting at the front of the vehicle.

We went into a full-body embrace, naked flesh to naked flesh. His physique was toned, his limbs marbled with muscle. His cock throbbed against my flat belly, and I reached around to grope his ass. His hands closed over the soft globes of my rear. He squeezed firmly, eliciting a squeal of pleasure from me.

I slid a hand between our squirming bodies and seized the length of his cock. His whole body jumped, and he grunted with satisfying delight. His shaft felt like a velvet-covered steel rod.

I pumped him, making pre-come dribble onto my fingers. The urge to taste him overtook me. I dropped to my knees in the soft grass beneath the trees, and Garrett's erect cock reared before my face.

First, I licked a dewdrop of pre-come off his tip, savoring its salty flavor. Then I swirled his whole swollen cockhead with my tongue. He shivered, his hands dropping to my shoulders to steady himself.

Relishing his smooth texture, I closed my lips around him and started sucking my way down his shaft. I felt each pronounced ridge of him on my slithering tongue. My gag reflex came and went, and soon I had him swallowed down to the base. His rounded crown practically pulsed in my throat.

I made sure my knees were planted firmly beneath me, then I set off to deliver a world-class blowjob. Five seconds in, I knew I wasn't going to be able to stop until he came. The moment was too fraught; I was fully committed.

I kept my lips wrapped around his dick and bobbed my head furiously. His steely fingers dug into my shoulders, his grip echoing his concentration. He started pumping his hips, and I encouraged him by taking every plunge of his cock. I wanted to show him he could fuck my face as hard and deep as he wanted.

"I cried out as I felt him erupt again, this time jetting into my spasming pussy."

Soon, he was doing just that. His balls vigorously spanked my chin, and a guttural cry rose in his throat seconds before he went over the edge. His first spurt of spunk was thick and hot as it shot across my tongue. I swallowed it down, and eagerly took the next and the next. He howled, his cry of ecstasy sending the birds in the trees shooting up into the sky.

I swayed up onto my feet, then sagged back onto the hood of the car to catch my bearings and my breath.

Mere seconds later, Garrett's strong shoulders pressed my thighs apart as he knelt before me. He worshipfully kissed the tender inner flesh of my legs, and I lay back on the metal, spreading myself wide for him. He brought his mouth to my dripping pussy, his tongue eager to get to work.

My juices were already seriously streaming, and excitement and pleasure mixed within me as I was consumed by rising waves of erotic heat. My hips lifted off the hood, and I shamelessly humped against his handsome face.

Garrett's tongue caressed my clit, and my response was a hair-trigger. I all but screamed in aroused excitement, startling the remaining birds and causing them to scatter. Bliss reverberated within me, and before I knew it, a fierce climax was consuming me from the inside out, an inferno that left me feeling decimated in the best possible way.

When I pushed up on my elbows, I saw to my delight that Garrett's cock was hard again. He stood and pulled me toward him so my ass was hanging at the lip of the car's hood. With a frantic light dancing in his eyes, he set his ever ready staff at the entrance of my aroused pussy.

I gasped as he drove inside me. My pussy walls clenched him, and the delicious slick friction of his movements thrilled me.

I sat up and threw my arms around his neck. Sinewy cords stood out on his bare body as his muscles tensed. He stroked into me repeatedly, his cock like a ramrod. I'd almost forgotten about the stamina of younger men.

My head lolled loosely on my neck as sensual sensations pumped through me. The outside air licked the sweat on my skin. I held tight to my lover, perched on the front of a gorgeous new car. The day was exquisite and impossible and rejuvenating.

Garrett went into overdrive, slamming his cock into me. Lust glazed his face, and his eyes rolled back. I cried out as I felt him erupt again, this time jetting into my spasming pussy. The world seemed young again—and so did I.

—L. Watkins

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse

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"They're not like Dan in any way," she said, referring to our son. "And they're both hotties. So, fuck it. I'm ready to screw both of them."

Still, we were surprised when Betsy beckoned Cass to join her and Colin on the sofa, while I fixed another round of drinks.

"Come over here, my dear," Betsy said flirtatiously. "Isn't it time you and I made out?"

"Well, OK!" my wife replied. Cass stood up and went to the sofa where our young friends were relaxing. She plopped down at Betsy's left. Colin was at Betsy's right.

Betsy brushed the strawberry-blonde ringlets away from Cass's pretty face and went in for a tender kiss. Enfolded in each other's arms, the two women made out sweetly and quietly at first. But then they became more fervent, using their tongues as well as their lips. Betsy's hands fondled Cass's more-than-ample breasts. And vice versa.

I handed a fresh vodka and tonic to Colin. He was massaging his cock through his khaki trousers, but he stopped momentarily to take the tumbler from me. He put it down on the side table and then began unbuttoning that scarlet cardigan of Betsy's. Soon, both women were topless. Betsy's nipples were like swirls of pink frosting sitting atop her fine young boobs. My gorgeous Cass lapped at them hungrily. Meanwhile, my dick had seriously hardened. All four of us were clearly onboard.

"Tell me what you like, Cassie."

Cass laughed.

"What's funny?" Betsy asked.

"I like to be called 'Cass' not 'Cassie,'" my wife reiterated.

"Oh, Cass! Cass! Forgive me. I forgot about that. Mea maxima culpa, sweetie!"

Cass laughed and told her, "Don't worry about it."

"Tell me what you like ... Cass."

"Scissors." The word had been spoken not by Cass but by the taciturn Colin.

"I didn't ask you, Colin," Betsy teased him. "I know what you like."

It turned out scissoring was a favorite sex act of both Betsy and Colin. She loved to grind her drooling pussy against that of another woman, and he liked to watch her do it. Cass said she was up for attempting it, though she confessed she'd found it difficult to accomplish in the past. Before the real action began, though, we all picked up our drinks and went into our bedroom, where scissoring and other such feats could be more easily accommodated on our spacious mattress.

The two women stripped to the buff. All of that delightfully bare female flesh was a feast for the eyes of us two guys. I pulled back the bedspread, and soon—after only a bit of maneuvering—my wife's shaved pink pussy was jammed tightly against Betsy's compact twat with its dark patch of prickly pubic hair. Athletic Betsy had accomplished this by positioning my wife on her side and then snapping into the groove like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle. It was beautiful.

"I looked over and watched as Cass went to town on Colin's dick, sucking it sloppily."

Colin and I hastily stripped to our undershorts. We went to our respective wives and began kissing them. But our mouths could not stifle their lusty moans of passion.

When I took a break from making out with Cass, I looked up to see Betsy was sucking her youthful husband's thick, helmet-headed dick. Colin may have looked like a kid, but he had the schlong of a grown-ass man! Watching the two of them got me even more aroused. I moved my face away from Cass's mouth and—after shucking my boxer shorts—brought my stiff rod to her welcoming lips. My wife sucked me voraciously, even as she continued thrashing about to slam her crotch against Betsy's. My moans harmonized with those of the two women.

Once more, Colin the Silent spoke—this time to me.

"Wanna switch?" he asked.

"If that's what the ladies want," I replied, looking to the women to gauge their responses. Both wives assented eagerly, without the slightest hesitation.

It felt like a gift from the gods when sweet Betsy took my hard-on into her wet, warm mouth. Her style of fellatio involved more of a steady suction action than Cass usually employed. Her mouth was like a veritable vacuum as it hoovered up my dick—and my resolve. I felt powerless to resist the pleasure she was delivering. I seriously began to wonder how long my erection could hold out before spewing its load. But intuitive Betsy sensed the nearness of my orgasm and cleverly backed off whenever I got close. She would lightly kiss my ball sac, giving me a chance to compose myself, before resuming with her blowjob and taking me to the same mind-boggling heights of ecstasy. As she worked her oral magic, I looked over and watched Cass go to town on Colin's dick, lapping at it and sucking it sloppily. She also seemed to enjoy kissing and playing with his big low-hanging balls, and Colin appeared to dig my wife's actions as much as I typically did.

At a certain point, the women were doing more flailing than grinding. So, Colin and I strapped on condoms and fucked each other's wife in missionary position, side by side on the big bed. Ensconced in their delightful pussies, we blasted our loads at last. We then watched as Cass and Betsy brought one another to noisy orgasms with the help of some buzzing vibrators. I've never seen anything like it; the visual of their climaxes was better than the hottest lesbian porn I'd ever seen.

When it was all over, Betsy prattled on and on about how amazing the encounter had been. Colin was, of course, less verbose, but—in his own way—fully enthusiastic.

"Cool beans," he summed things up. "Definitely cool beans."

—A.L., Toms River, N.J.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at anytime. When it does, jump on it! And

EROTIC FICTION

APPROVED

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YOUNG-AT-HEART SWINGERS MEET THEIR PERFECT MATCH!

PLAYMATES

Back when my wife and I were swinging pretty regularly on the East Coast, we had our share of great times, and now we have some stories to tell. At the time, Cass and I were in our early 40s. We lived in NYC, but we tended to meet people outside of the city for our wild times. You've heard of wanderlust? Well, that's what we called our travels in search of sexual adventure. Sometimes we'd go as far south as Florida or to some of the well-known adult resorts in Yucatán and the Caribbean.

But much of our sexual play happened in and around a smaller city in upstate New York. We became "partners in crime" with a couple named Cissy and Joe who lived there. One day, they told us about this couple they'd met, Betsy and Colin. Joe called them the "new kids in the hot tub."

"He's not joking," said Cissy. "We went bar-crawling with them, and they got carded by every bartender."

The newcomers were actually in their mid-20s, but they were dyed-in-the-wool hedonists, according to our good pals. We learned Colin was a quiet fellow, while Betsy was "oral" in multiple senses of the term—or as Cissy rather crudely put it, "The only time she stops talking is when she's got a dick in her mouth."

Cass and I finally met this new couple at a meet-and-greet that was part of a hotel-takeover lifestyle event in Orlando. They were both nice enough, and we found them appealing, but we didn't engage with them sexually that weekend, even though I would've been open to it. Betsy—a slim, slight beauty with jet-black hair, piercing dark eyes and stellar breasts—was impossibly sexy. But Cass was wary about the idea of playing with them. She pointed out that they seemed no older than our own college-age son.

Nevertheless, we agreed to get together with them for cocktails and dinner the next time we were in their town or they were visiting Manhattan. As it turned out, they visited NYC about six weeks after we made that pact.

The four of us went for lunch at an elegant Thai restaurant in Midtown. It was late in the summer, and we sat in the outdoor garden in the back. Betsy wore a strapless, tight-fitting top that showed off her spectacular rack and taut belly. Her cute belly button winked at us whenever she moved in a certain way. Her pleated, ultra-short skirt, meanwhile, revealed plenty of firm, tanned thigh. Colin was dressed more conservatively. He looked like a preppy college kid. Why not? He'd been just that only a year or two earlier.

The two of them told us they were planning to go to a local swingers club that evening. It was a new venue for them, and they were excited but cautious.

"We've heard mixed things about it," said Betsy. "Some say it's a bunch of creepy, old-man gawkers. Others say it's packed with the fittest couples in New York. Guess we'll find out! Are you sure you don't want to go with us?"

We reiterated that, for discretion's sake, we didn't frequent local lifestyle events, though we'd been curious about that particular club.

"Maybe we're too old for it anyway," said Cass. "Sometimes we think we're on the cusp of being creepy, old gawkers ourselves."

"Are you kidding, Cassie?" said Betsy. "You two are choice morsels of mature sexiness! Aren't they, Colie?"

Honestly, that is the way that young woman spoke. Blond, baby-faced Colin nodded with a slightly silly smile on his face but said nothing more.

"Cassie, you have such lovely skin," said Betsy. "You're a red-hot mama bear, and you don't even know it!"

This odd compliment made my buxom wife blush, though I knew full well she was a little ticked off that Betsy kept calling her "Cassie." Cass definitely did not appreciate the cutesy nickname. When we'd met Betsy and Colin in Orlando, she'd told them as much, but the point had apparently not registered with Betsy.

We parted after lunch, with our young friends returning to their hotel for a nap before going out on the prowl. We told them they should feel free to phone us later that night if the club turned out to be a bust.

That's exactly what happened. They arrived at our place a little before midnight.

"Oh God, never go there, Cassie," said Betsy. "Dark, smelly, overpriced and full of wackos."

"That bad?" I asked.

"Just gross." She made a face. "We saw two roaches at the snack bar. I said something to the attendant, and he said, 'Hey, careful now. Those are our mascots.' I let him know, in no uncertain terms, that I wasn't amused."

"A real dump," Colin said, reminding us that he existed.

"Let's get you two some drinks," I volunteered.

We sat in our living room and chilled for a half hour or so. Betsy looked incredibly scrumptious. She wore the same miniskirt she'd had on at lunch, but for their evening adventures she paired it with a snug, scarlet-colored sweater. She reminded me of a vintage pinup. Colin and Betsy—well, mostly Betsy—regaled us with descriptions of the misadventures they'd had at the seedy club, which hadn't included any sex play on their part. I was glad that Cass and I had decided not to accompany them. It sounded as though the place truly was unappetizing.

Cass and I had had a tête-à-tête before our guests' arrival to see where we stood when it came to getting frisky with them. Cass had finally decided she was up for it, if the opportunity arose. After spending time with them at lunch, she no longer felt their age was an issue.

REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

DICKHEAD OF THE CLASS

My senior year at college was shaping up to be an epic disaster. I was having a tough time with a required course for my major. The subject matter wasn't the problem. The real issue was my complete lack of concentration in class—because my professor was a grade-A piece of ass.

Early in the semester, I'd made an appointment to see her during office hours to discuss my first paper. That's when she told me not to be so formal and to address her by her first name—Delilah, and not unlike the notorious temptress she was named after, she was every dude's wet dream. She'd stride into class click-clacking on stiletto heels, clad in a short-short skirt and a blouse with one too many buttons opened to reveal her cock-hardening cleavage. And don't even get me started on her slightly disheveled updo and the glasses perched on the tip of her nose like a naughty librarian. I'd frequently forget to take notes during her lectures, finding myself mesmerized by her long shapely legs and the way her huge jugs strained the buttons of her blouse. I'd even linger after her lessons, so I could ask her inane questions—while attempting to hide my raging boner beneath a well-placed notebook.

You won't be surprised to learn I flunked my midterm—and the rest of my exams didn't go so well either. As the end of the semester crept closer, Delilah asked me to speak with her after class. She was still flirtatious but expressed real concern about my lousy grades. She even offered me an opportunity for extra credit—in the privacy of her office.

I briefly wondered if I was reading too much into her words because my overexcited libido interpreted the offer as: Do me a favor, and I'll do you a favor, big boy.

I thanked her and assured her I was very interested in her proposition, and the sly smile that lifted the corners of her lips told me my hunch was on the money. I nearly came in my pants.

That Friday night, I found myself knocking on her office door as the sun set outside and most of the remaining staffers were packing it in for the day.

"Good see you, Todd," she said, perched on the edge of her desk. She looked me up and down like she was going to eat me alive.

Delilah was definitely older than me, but she wasn't yet in cougar territory. Still, as she ordered me to close the door, she gave off the impression of a slinky cat about to pounce on her prey.

And that's exactly what happened.

She grabbed the front of my sweatshirt to pull me in for a searing kiss. The second her lips touched mine and her hot tongue plunged into my mouth, my cock grew ramrod stiff.

Delilah immediately took charge, stripping off my sweatshirt and tearing open my jeans.

My clumsy fingers unbuttoned her blouse and freed her braless breasts. I nuzzled my face between her double-Ds before nibbling on each nipple and making her moan.

Delilah reached up and unfastened the clip holding her hair, shaking her long brunette locks loose. Still sitting on her desk, she spread her legs, making her skirt rise high up her toned thighs and showing off her sopping wet pussy.

She grabbed a wrapped condom from her desk and tossed it at me as she said, "Suit up. It's showtime."

With my opened jeans hanging low on my hips, I rolled the rubber onto my shaft and plunged into her pussy.

Delilah let out a delighted growl, bucking her hips up to meet my urgent thrusts. Her snatch squeezed my shaft like a fist, and I was doing everything in my power not to come too soon. She reached down to finger her clit and barked, "Don't you dare stop."

My professor was on the fast track to a killer orgasm when someone knocked on her office door and called out her name.

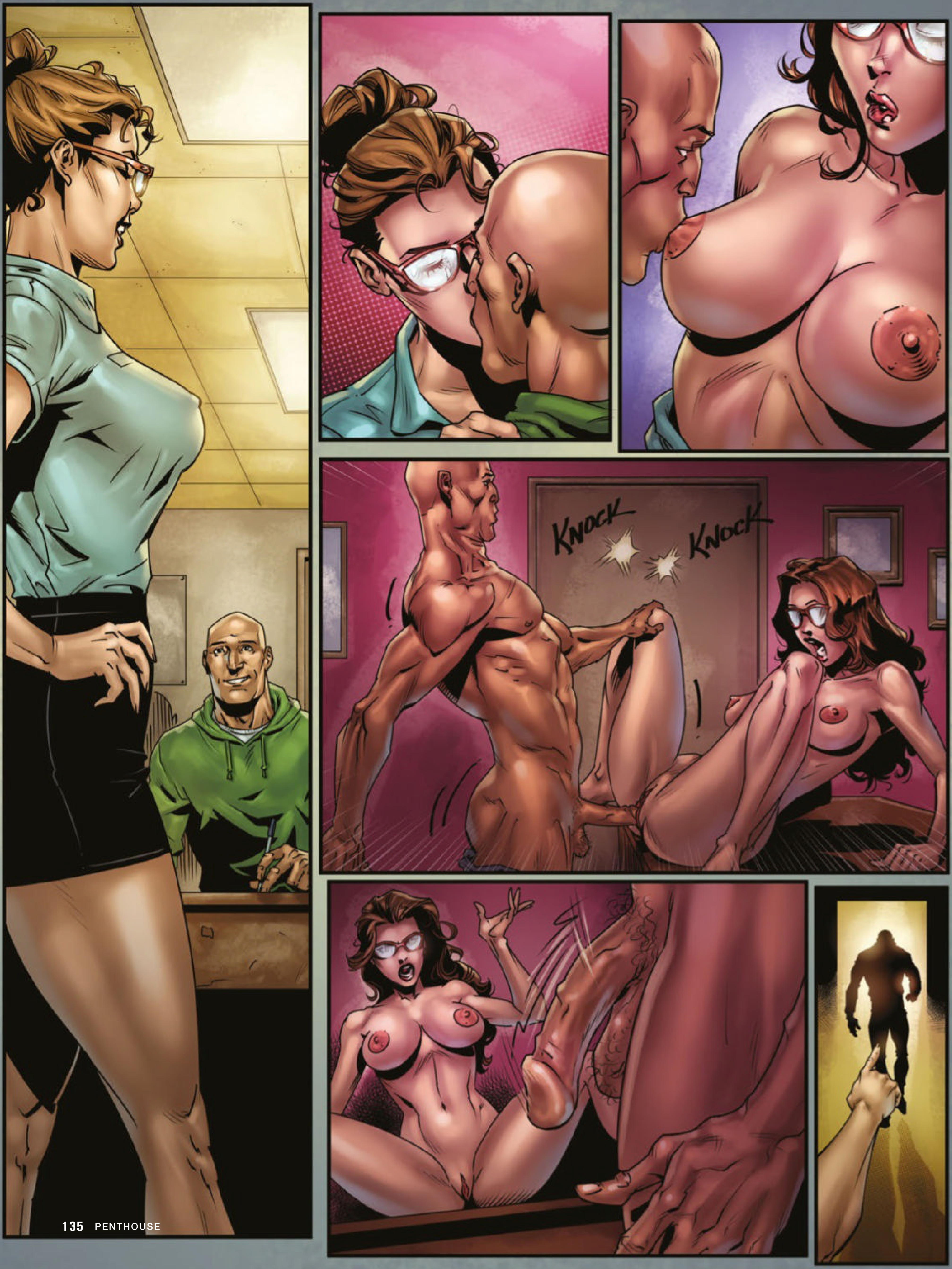
She hissed in my ear, "Ignore her. She'll leave."

But the racket threw me off my game. I was terrified of getting caught, and my dick deflated—before Delilah could climax.

"What the fuck, Todd!" she raged. Delilah pushed me away, red faced and furious, and when my cock—thoroughly wilted by stage fright—refused to revive, she sent me packing.

I didn't only fail to get her off, I also failed the class. So let that be a lesson for you—hit the books, instead of hitting on your professor.

—T.J., New Orleans, La.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Advertising offices: Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Tel. 310-280-1900.
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Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de titulo No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

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